Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Southern United States

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ASHE STATEMENT WINNING PRAISE

North Carolina Historian's View on War Pleases New England Historians

(Reproduced from the *News and Observer*, Feb. 5, 1928.)

Boston, Mass., Feb. 4.—An emphatic protest against a published Boston statement, backed by a strong personal opinion and a different view of the Civil War, with what the Southern states were seeking as made by a prominent Raleigh, North Carolina man, S. A. Ashe has won the praise of leading New England historians and educators as well as that of Governor Fuller. The remarks of Mr. Ashe, sent to a conservative Boston paper, and widely republished throughout this section, have created considerable interest.

On December 10, the Boston Transcript, most reliable, influential and conservative of all Northern dailies, published, on page 10, an article relative to the Civil War and what the Southern States were fighting for. This article carried the following sentence: "If the North was not fighting against slavery, certainly the South was fighting for slavery, else it had not tested by recourse to arms the great constitutional question of the permanency of the compact between the States."

It is toward this statement Mr. Ashe directs his protest and offers a far different point of view, one that has readily won support from those New Englanders who are eager for the true facts to be registered in history.

"May I present another view of that conflict," states Mr. Ashe, "namely, that after the fighting began, possibly the South might have been willing to free the slaves, if thereby the independence of the Southern States could have been maintained.

"There were differences between the people of the North and those of the South both as to slavery and the right of a State to withdraw from the Union. Because of slavery six cotton States withdrew from the Union. Congress, on March 2, 1861, proposed to the States a constitutional amendment—that "Congress should not have the power to abolish slavery." President Lincoln said to Congress that he "had no objection." It was thought that had that amendment been adopted, the seceded States would have returned to the Union.

"Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky and Missouri—all slave States—remained in the Union.

"As to the subject of slavery Mr. Lincoln said he 'had nothing to do with that.' On distinctly other ground, he called for an army to make war on the people of the few seceded States. The authorities of

the non-seceded Southern State replied that we will give no troops for this unholy war.

"As far as circumstances permitted, they took sides against the unholy war.

"When wars begin, who ever stops to examine why or wherefore?" queries Mr. Ashe. "Up to September, 1862, Mr. Lincoln always said that 'he had nothing to do with slavery.' At the South the only desire was to be let alone.

"In September, 1862, Mr. Lincoln proclaimed that 'if you do not submit, I will, on January 1, declare the slaves in the insurrectionary States to be free.'

"The war began in April, 1861, and it was 20 months before he declared those slaves free as a war measure, but not including the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky or Missouri. The spirit of the South was 'to resist an unholy war,' and doubtless there were two or more non-slaveholders in the Southern army to every slaveholder.

"The fight," concludes Mr. Ashe, "being on between the Northern armies and the Southern armies, nobody ever thought of how or why it began. Independence was alone the object."

While there are many in this section, of course, who do not and will not agree with Mr. Ashe, there are a surprising number of influential women and men who have unhesitatingly endorsed and approved of his theory. The statement of the Raleigh

man has, however, been received in all quarters as an effort worthy of deep consideration, thought and research.

Perhaps one of the most interesting comments made upon his statement is that which comes from a Northern historical society whose president states: "The statement of Mr. Ashe is indeed interesting. It is a splendid effort. Many of his statements which Northerners will not agree with, will nevertheless bear investigation. I personally have investigated most thoroughly several of his statements and have found them, perhaps to my surprise, quite correct in every detail."

The prevailing opinion in this section of New England is that the discussion which brought opportunity for Mr. Ashe to set forth his views is a splendid move toward the further cementing of the ties of friendship between the North and the South, something which has gained very rapidly in the present generation, predicting a perfectly clear understanding in the generation or generations to come.

See Ashe's *History of North Carolina*, Vol. 2. pp. 571—580—599.

———757—774—775.

———774—806.

———946—950.

President Lincoln's Message, Dec. 8, 1863.

Richardson's Messages, Vol. 6, p. 188.

(Paste in Vol. 2.)

After 89 Years, 'Rebs' Honor Abe

Washington, Feb. 12 (U.P.)—The unconquered rebels of the Old South called a truce today and joined President Eisenhower and the once-hated Yankees in honoring Abraham Lincoln.

The Sons of The Confederacy placed a wreath before Lincoln's statue—a wreath of magnolia blossoms flanked by two Confederate battle flags.

"It's too bad they didn't play 'Dixie,' too," said the leader of the contingent after the Marine Band had played "The Battle Hymn of The Republic."

All in all, however, it was a gala occasion as Col. John M. Virden, representing The Sons of The Confederacy, joined in tribute at the Lincoln Memorial here in honor of The Emancipator's 145th birthday.

On a cold, sunny day, the rebels joined hands before Lincoln with The Military Order of The Loyal Legion of The United States, their Yankee counterpart, for the first time since the war ended 89 years ago.

Eisenhower placed a wreath of red, white, and blue carnations at the memorial and stood bareheaded before the huge statue.

He seemed to be saying a prayer as he read to himself words of the first Republican President inscribed on the wall:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in . . ."

Ulysses S. Grant Was There

National Commander William C. Duval of the Loyal Legion, whose grandfather was a Union Army major general, placed a wreath of pink carnations alongside the floral offerings of the President and the Sons of The Confederacy.

At his side was Ulysses S. Grant, III, a vice-commander of the Loyal Legion and grandson of the Civil War general and President. It was his idea to bring the Sons of The Confederacy into the ceremonies.

Virden, grandson of a private who rose to colonel in the Second Arkansas Cavalry during the war, said, "We decided that Mr. Lincoln was a great deal more than an Illinois Republican.

"Actually we Southerners look on Lincoln as a great American," he told reporters. "He was for giving us a magnanimous peace."

"It was after a madman shot him that the really wild men took over," he said, "a band led by Thaddeus Stephens who was mad at us because we burned his mill up in Pennsylvania. Then the Reconstruction was clamped on us—and that was a vicious thing."

Virden and Neill Bohlinger, Little Rock, Ark., national commander of The Sons, agreed that, "We got whipped fair," and, "After all, Mr. Lincoln was as much on our side as he was against."

Associated Press Wirephoto

SOUTH HONORS LINCOLN . . . Breaking almost a century of tradition, the South joined the North in observance of Lincoln's Birthday yesterday. Here Col. John Virden, left, representing the Sons of the Confederacy, shakes hands with Ulysses S. Grant, III, grandson of the Civil War general, in front of the Lincoln statue in Washington. Colonel Virden carries a magnolia wreath bearing miniature Confederate flags. Story on Page 12.

Hardin County Enterprise, Elizabethtown, Ky. Feb. 12, 1968

Confederate States Still Don't Celebrate Lincoln's Birthday

By ARLEEN ABRAHAMS
Associated Press Writer

"This is the South, son," replied John Wessels, aide to the governor of Virginia when asked if Virginia celebrates Feb. 12 — Abraham Lincoln's birthday — as a legal holiday.

No, Virginia does not observe the birthday of the 16th President of the United States, the man who emancipated the slaves and guided the Union during the harrowing days of the Civil War.

Neither does Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi or Texas. In fact, of the 11 states that seceded from the Union to form the Confederate States of America, only one — Tennessee — celebrates Lincoln's birthday as a legal holiday.

And history buffs know that Tennessee was the "Johnny Come Lately" to the rebel cause; it was the last state officially to secede. (Actually Kentucky and Missouri who sent representatives to the Confederate Congress were recognized by stars in the Confederate flag, although neither seceded. Both states celebrate Lincoln's birthday as a legal holiday.)

In case you're feeling sorry for all those school teachers, government, bank and other employes who are deprived of a holiday, don't start shedding any tears. They should be crying into their mint juleps or bourbon and water for you — if you tally up all their special Rebel celebrations.

Georgians don't even miss out on Feb. 12. For them it's not Lincoln's birthday but Georgia Day — a legal holiday since 1908. Georgia Day honors the anniversary of the landing of Gen. James Oglethorpe, the state's founder, at Savannah on Feb. 12, 1773. (Residents of Arkansas also celebrate February 12 — as a memorial day.)

Jan. 19, Robert E. Lee's birthday, is a legal holiday in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Lee, regarded by many military authorities as the ablest strategist during the Civil War, actually loved the Union and was forced to make a difficult decision as to where his loyalty lay.

He decided his first duty was to his state, and resigned his Army commission to offer his services to Virginia.

In Virginia, where the festivities are usually the most elaborate, Jan. 19 is called Lee-Jackson Day. Honored with Lee is Gen. Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson, second only to his commanding general in greatness and in popular affection.

Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas celebrate June 3, Jefferson Davis' birthday. In Louisiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, the day is Confederate Memorial Day as well. Arkansans mark this as a legal holiday, a memorial day.

Jefferson Davis, the first and only president of the Confederate States of America, had hoped to be named commander of the Confederate forces. His conduct of the war was criticized as bitterly in the South as Lincoln's course was criticized in the North.

Nonrecognition of Lincoln's birthday is not confined to the South. And the residents of Hawaii, Idaho, Maine, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oklahoma and Rhode Island — all states which do not observe Feb. 12 as a legal holiday — don't even have Robert E. Lee's birthday in which to take consolation.

Since there are no national holidays in the United States, each state has jurisdiction over the days it will observe, designated by legislative enactment or executive proclamation. The President or Congress designates only for the District of Columbia and federal employes throughout the nation.

Lincoln--in Richmond

The Richmond papers lately have carried a Lincoln item which decidedly is news. Portraits of the Civil War President, together with General Grant, General Sherman and Admiral Porter, are announced for exhibition through February at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in the capital of the Confederacy. The quartette are shown, as painted by George P. A. Healy, in conference in the cabin of the steamboat River Queen, "down at City Point," off Grant's headquarters, in 1865. Sherman is telling the story of his Atlanta campaign and the March to the Sea. Grant and Porter listen with upright dignity. Sherman makes sweeping gestures. Lincoln sits leaning forward, elbow on knee, with the right hand cupping his chin and his eyes keenly searching Sherman's face, intently following the narrative. Robert Lincoln is said to have rated as the best likeness of his father, showing him with all his faculties alert when emotionally aroused. A duplicate of this Lincoln portrait has been hanging for several years in the White House dining room.

The artist, born in Boston in 1813, says in his "Reminiscences" that he conceived the idea at the close of the war, and that "while he made his preliminary studies in America, the picture was painted in Rome." Also that it was "burned in 1892 when the Calumet Club of Chicago was destroyed by fire." The question of the origin of the duplicate has been discussed several times in recent years, although with no decisive conclusions.

Healy named the picture "The Peacemakers," probably more happily than he could have known, for in that consultation the President told his generals the terms on which they might accept the surrender of the armies of the South.

When and where before have such portraits as these been thus placed on exhibition within the Confederacy? Various Southern families have cherished portraits of the Union President as one to whom they owed such favors as only a most magnanimous man would have granted as, for example, the Vice-President of the Confederacy. The bitterness of the past is slowly passing in the South, and this despite the efforts of some writers to keep it alive. Since the turn of the century, indeed, various books have been published with the avowed purpose that they should not circulate in the North, with portrayals of Lincoln as a sordid politician who lured the South into war. For years the North has accepted "revised" characterizations of many of the Confederate leaders, with Lee leading them all. Today the North asks only for simple justice for Abraham Lincoln, and bit by bit that revision is on the way. It is as a welcome token, therefore, that we interpret this Richmond exhibition. How can Richmond forget the one time Lincoln was in the Southern capital—how he came without ceremony and sadly viewed the ruin the war had wrought, how Constance Carey saw him "drive down Grace street, seated in an ambulance with his son Tad upon his knee? Apparently it didn't.

A Southerner's

A Southerner's Tribute.

Lincoln's best image is the boy of America to whom he communicates himself, his high impulse and example, his best pedestal a broad, free Union, yet if art would fitly commemorate the rise of a man without history summoned to ennoble all history what better token of a humble woodman matured to a great magistrate than a rough, resinous American bough upheld against a storm in the firm grasp of Liberty as a flaming torch, unquenchable, but too fast consumed, and revealing through a black night of thunder peals and sobbing rains a path on to a gracious dawn full blown with the morning glories of the old flag?—John G. R. Pitkin.

(Not printed at Government expense)

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

Lincoln, Martyred Friend of the South

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. CLYDE DOYLE

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, April 26, 1949

Mr. DOYLE. Mr. Speaker, in connection with the observation of the anniversary of the untimely assassination of Abraham Lincoln, on April 14, 1865, at the Ford Theater here in Washington, Mrs. Doyle and I attended and heard a remarkable lecture by Dr. Robert L. Kincaid, president of the Lincoln University, and I felt certain that the following address by this distinguished educator and resident of what is commonly termed the South of our beloved Nation, would be of interest and inspiration to all.

The life and service of Abraham Lincoln has long been my guide in the history of America, and it is again my pleasure to be presently serving as president of the Abraham Lincoln Club, in my home city of Long Beach, Calif. Recently, when the Abraham Lincoln Club, of Washington, did the honor of electing me as one of its board of directors, I again renewed my decision to, in every way possible, perpetuate the worthiness and righteousness of this citizen of the ages, therefore, I am pleased to share the text of the address which I heard, with you:

LINCOLN, MARTYRED FRIEND OF THE SOUTH

We meet today where an event occurred which shall never be forgotten in the annals of mankind. We are at the place where the life of a great national leader was extinguished. Mortality ended for Abraham Lincoln April 15, 1865, and an immortality began which has been an inspiring influence for all freedom-loving people. By this meeting today we bridge the long span of years between this memorable past event and the living present. The great personality of long ago who set humanity farther along the road toward the attainment of universally desired goals is still alive and pleading the cause for which he sacrificed his mortal body.

To those of us who are not privileged to visit this sacred memorial often, the presence and inspiration of Abraham Lincoln is especially near today. Our thoughts easily conjure up the dramatic circumstances of that tragic hour 84 years ago when one of the world's greatest leaders passed into eternity. But it is not so much that event which is recalled at this moment, as it is the great deathless heart which beat in unison with the hopes of all free people and encompassed the ideals and principles which have made this country the greatest and most powerful force in the world. Here in this moment we can see in majestic perspective the towering figure of a lonely man still walking among us and still speaking for peace, understanding and good will; still inspiring and leading us confidently ahead in a confused and turbulent period of history. Truly we may say such leaders as Abraham Lincoln never die.

As a southerner and a descendant of a Confederate soldier and as the present head of an institution which is a living memorial to Lincoln in the heart of the South, I can speak of the universality of the Great Emancipator. For more than 30 years I have lived in close association with the spirit of Lincoln, and intangibly but positively the lessons of his life have become a part of my inheritance as they have in the lives of many thousands of others who have found the opportunity for broader and richer living at Lincoln Memorial University.

Through such institutions as the one with which I am associated and through the innumerable Lincoln shrines as this which our Nation preserved, we can translate Lincoln's life and memory into the lives and consciousness of all our people. In that way, we can build a stronger, more dynamic America. If we can live thus, close to the great leaders of America and try to preserve the principles of freedom and democracy which they won for us at so great a sacrifice, our Nation cannot swing far from its orbit and all peoples everywhere can look upon America as a fixed and guiding star in the firmament of the world.

As we turn to a contemplation of the tragic event which occurred at this place 84 years ago, it is easy to recall the shadow of sorrow and distress which spread over our torn and bleeding country. Although we were then still divided and fighting among ourselves, the assassination of Lincoln ran through the North and South like a great blighting disaster. There was weeping and sorrow in millions of homes throughout the land, and even in the rebellious sections of the South there was something of the same feeling of horror.

I have had occasion in recent years to make a study of the place Lincoln holds in the South. We know that there were great segments of the southern region which were dominantly union in sentiment and that even throughout the areas where there was the greatest suffering because of the war, extreme hatred of Lincoln did not exist except in isolated cases. During the war the Southern leaders played up the horrors of the war and attributed to Lincoln, as the national leader, much of the suffering which came to the South. On the other hand, calm reflection on the part of all the Southern people made them admit that Lincoln's policies could scarcely have done otherwise. When the news of his assassination swept throughout the South, any feeling of hatred which the Southern people may have previously possessed gave way to distress and fear of the reprisals which might follow.

I have been interested in the general reaction of the southern press and leaders in the South immediately following the assassination. While ministers throughout the North were holding memorial services deploring the dastardly act of John Wilkes Booth and delineating upon the greatness of Abraham Lincoln, similar services taking a different form were held in many churches throughout the South. I believe that the views of Dr. J. Lansing Burrows, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., were somewhat typical of those held by leading ministers throughout the South. On Sunday, April 23, 1865, Dr. Burrows devoted his entire sermon to the assassination of Lincoln. Although he presented the usual viewpoint of the South toward the Civil War, he saw in Lincoln's assassination an omen of great evil. Said he, "If the deed was a calamity to the North, it was a more harmful calamity to the South. * * * We have even more reason to mourn over the murder than the people of the North. Its tendencies are to inflict a deeper injury upon us than even upon them." On the following Sunday, June 1, 1865, which had been appointed by President Johnson as a day of humiliation and mourning, Dr. Burrows observed the day in his pulpit quite appropriately, and had this to say: "We have no feelings but those of horror and indignation and grief in contemplating this deed of infamy. * * * Whatever may have been our views of the political doctrines and policy [Lincoln] represented, we have but one voice and one heart, of profound and abhorrent condemnation of the brutal criminality of those, whoever they may be, who are directly or remotely implicated in the atrocious deed. And this I am glad to know, for the honor of humanity and Christianity, is the universal voice of the people of this city and State."

I give you these quotations from Dr. Burrows because the examination of other sermons preached in southern pulpits indicates that he was reflecting the attitude of most of the southern people toward the tragic passing of the President.

Let me also give you the tribute of one northern soldier temporarily located in Knoxville, Tenn. This soldier, John S. McGraw, of the Indiana Volunteers, was in a Knoxville hospital on April 16, 1865, when the news of the assassination was received in that southern community. Knoxville was about evenly divided in sentiment during the war, but east Tennessee was predominantly Union in sentiment. Mr. McGraw, in writing to his wife, stated that the assassination had struck with dismay the people of this community. He said, "Everyone that I have seen looked downcast and sorrowful. I have never seen anything cause such a general gloom over the people as this. Everyone seems to be horror stricken at the perpetration of the deed and filled with the baneful spirit of revenge at the cowardly and dastardly act. Everyone seems to feel as our country has lost her best friend and greatest man, and I think myself that in the history of this country Abraham Lincoln will be ranked among the best and greatest. His death is a sad blow to our unhappy country at this time when everything is unsettled. My eyes have been filled with tears several times today as I sat in my room and heard the gun booming at regular intervals of half an hour through the day."

Typical also was the feeling in Louisville, Ky., another southern city where sentiment was divided. Memorial services were held at many places in the city. Prominent among those who took the leadership in these tributes to Lincoln was Joshua Fry Speed, Lincoln's most intimate friend. The entire Speed family had remained loyal during the war, but they were Southern in background and sentiment. They represented the attitude of thousands of families throughout the South who loved their native land but deplored the circumstances which brought about war.

A few years ago I found in the archives of the courthouse in Knox County, Ky., near the Tennessee border, an account of a memorial service held in Barbourville, April 17, 1865, which reflected the great sorrow of the people in that section. In this isolated mountain community a single telegraph wire, used for military purposes, brought the news of the assassination of Lincoln. Court was in session on Monday morning. Hundreds of people from the surrounding communities had gathered for the trials which were in

progress. Immediately upon the receipt of the news court was adjourned, and a court attendant went outside and announced to the assembled throng that a meeting in the courthouse would be immediately held for an important announcement to be made. The little county courthouse was packed and jammed with people. A young attorney, David H. Lytle, took the rostrum and made an address to the crowd which in the passing of years has proved to be prophetic in its summation of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. Since it is not long, I would like to quote in full that brief address from a native Kentuckian who was a true patriot and lover of his country:

"Fellow citizens of Knox County, I appear before you this morning to make to you in a formal manner the awful announcement that the President of the United States has been assassinated, and that his lifeless remains now lie pale in death—not at the base of a statue but in the Capitol of a people determined to maintain their national life and the integrity of the Union—not muffled in a cloak, but wrapped in the flag of his country.

"Who could have thought that at a moment when a morning so bright had just dawned and the hopes of the patriot beat so high that a night of such melancholy gloom would overspread our national sky? Brutus showed his solicitude by stabbing his friend. Rebellion has showed its folly by shooting Abraham Lincoln, whose heart was throbbing with anxiety for the moment to arrive when he could safely astonish the world by his clemency, and guild the southern sky with an unfading bow of hope.

"Unfortunately the American people did not know the goodness of Abraham Lincoln before his election to the Presidency, and they have only learned it as it has beamed forth amidst the fiery ordeal through which he has been called to pass. If it had been known that he would make good the immortal declaration of the second father of his country, "The Union must and shall be preserved," and that he with pleadings heart, where he could safely do so [could] induce the family circle by returning the rebel son, causing the father and mother to exclaim, 'This, our son, was dead and is alive, was lost and is found,' and that he could consider the American Nation from the bondage of civil war to the heights and overlook the promised land of peace and union, his pathway to Washington city would have been strewn with flowers instead of daggers, and the Nation would have been saved from this calamity and disgrace, and your little city this day instead of being covered with the weeds of mourning and woe would have been lighted with the bonfires of rejoicing.

"But, fellow citizens, as he has conducted us through the Red Sea and has left us on the mount, we must give his successor a cheerful and hearty support, and he will conduct us safely to the promised land of union, liberty, and law."

We cannot say that this simple and eloquent tribute to Lincoln from the heart of the Kentucky hills was truly representative of the feeling in the entire South. That was most certainly not true. But I quote the humble Kentucky lawyer to show how Abraham Lincoln in four short years had become the idol of the common people in many southern states who loved liberty and the Federal Union. These hill people in southeastern Kentucky had scarcely heard of Lincoln when he was nominated for the Presidency. That Lincoln was of their own kind, had come up the hard way, and spoke their language, was soon evident after he was installed as President. At first Lincoln was accepted by these Kentuckians because he was the titular head of the country they loved. But as the trying days of the war wore on, more and more Lincoln won the affection and finally the undying devotion of these hardy individualists of the southern hills. Now that his death had come in the very hour of triumph, they were shocked and horrified, and their sorrow was great indeed. Abraham Lincoln to them on this gray Monday morning after the tragedy, had become the martyred savior of their torn and troubled world.

Historians for nearly a century now have been writing about the Civil War and its blighting consequences upon our country. Long since have we had a full recapitulation of causes and effects of this tragic era of our national life. There is nothing more to be said, nothing more to be written in tribute to the brave men who gave their lives in a useless conflict. We have built our monuments to the heroic dead of our North and our South. We have paid tribute to their exploits, merging into one united whole the story of their struggle. Victor and vanquished alike take their place side by side in our universal tribute, and the tragedy of the sixties is now softened and sweetened by the mingled tears of united countrymen.

But as we come to this place where occurred the last act in that awful drama of the Civil War, we think of another phase of the tragedy which most people were slow to understand at the time. If the South could only have understood that Lincoln did not hate, did not desire war, did not wish to destroy the South's traditions and institutions, even the cursed institution of slavery, and that his sole desire was to preserve a strong union of free and independent States, the course of history would have been different. Indeed to me the great tragedy of the sixties was the failure of the South to accept Lincoln as their friend and their President.

Lincoln came to the Presidency virtually unknown in the South. He was accepted as the titular head of a party which the South believed was pledged to destroy it economically and politically. But Lincoln himself was not pledged to do that. He stood upon certain inflexible principles which could not be compromised, but none of those principles would have weakened the South in any particular. For Lincoln there could be no extension of slavery, there could be no withdrawal from the Union of States which had adopted as their charter of liberty, the Constitution of the United States. But beyond that, Lincoln was willing and anxious to work out the internal problems of the South within the framework of the Constitution.

It has often been stated that the South had no greater friend than Lincoln. The verdict of history now attests that. But passions, bitterness, and narrow sectionalism prevented that acceptance in those dark days. Lincoln was of the common people. His forebears had lived long enough in Virginia and Kentucky to gain the flavor of the South. He himself grew up in the atmosphere of freedom and independence which the frontier nurtured with lavish abundance. Combine that Southern heritage of Lincoln with the stalwart independence of the Western frontier and you have the leader who came into power at a time of supreme crisis. Wise, tolerant, understanding, sympathetic with all groups, and intensely devoted to the ideals of the founding fathers, he represented all sections of the country with objective consideration of what was good for the whole.

Perhaps it was inevitable that this comparatively unknown national leader could not turn back the forces which for generations had been rising toward the irrepressible conflict. Perhaps in our national life some fundamental issues had to be settled in war, rather than by peaceful methods. If only the South could have taken Lincoln as their leader, rather than rejecting his earnest efforts to appease and compromise on the basis of his convictions which history has proved to be right and just, we could have avoided the awful holocaust which set our Nation back for half a century.

But there is no need to speculate upon this eventuality. It is rather for our people to turn from what might have been to what was and is, and to take from the story of our glorious Nation the lessons we need to make a part of our life and philosophy. We need no longer think of any of our national leaders as sectional or partisan. They belong to all our people, and their lives and contributions make up the magnificent record of our Nation.

All of us have our own particular heroes. We love our country in proportion to our respect and veneration for the men and women who built our Nation. I suppose that is a natural, human attribute. We read our history, we thrill over the exploits of our heroes, and we come to love and respect our country's institutions and privileges because of the labor and sacrifices of those who have gone before.

For me, a southerner, there are many national heroes whom I cherish. Strangely, perhaps, I have upon the walls of my study, side by side, the pictures of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. To my friends in the North that may be hard to explain. But it is easy for me to reconcile that apparent incongruity.

My regard for Robert E. Lee is not because he was a vanquished leader of a lost cause who should have led his armies to victory. It is rather that he was a great patriot who possessed noble attributes of character and greatness. No one can read the story of his life without drawing from it an abiding inspiration. No one can deny that he was activated by unselfish patriotic motives when he faced the supreme decision which turned the course of his life. We may regret his decision, but we cannot say we would have done otherwise had we been in his place.

My acceptance of Abraham Lincoln came later in life. Admiration of Southern personalities and traditions did not prevent me from turning to the study of Lincoln with genuine enthusiasm. It was Sandburg's "Prairie Years" which brought to me the revelation of Lincoln's expanding greatness. In the last two decades, Lincoln has become a growing, living personality whose life and ideals I would cherish as a guide and inspiration for all peoples of all the world. Charles Evans Hughes once said that a course in the study of Abraham Lincoln should be given in every college in America, that no young man or young woman could make the study of Lincoln a part of his heritage without being a better American. If what Hughes said is true, surely the many millions who revere the memory of Lincoln are better citizens.

So today, at this shrine, we come together as representative of all sections, all groups, and all classes, that we may more sensibly feel the immortal spirit of Abraham Lincoln. He speaks to us in his deathless messages of hope, peace, and understanding. He lives for us in indestructible glory. He challenges us in this era of world stress and ideological conflicts. Upon his ideals and principles we have built a strong Nation of a free and democratic people, and we can be stronger still if we do not depart from the sure course which he charted in the long ago.

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TWO RECENT TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN.

MORE than the usual attention was paid this year to Lincoln's birthday, February 12th. Besides being kept, for the first time, as a legal holiday in several States, it had special recognition in all parts of the country from the press. Of the many newspaper articles which it inspired, we reprint the two following. The first is from "The Commercial Herald," Vicksburg, Mississippi; and the second from "The Constitution," Atlanta, Georgia.

From the Vicksburg "Commercial Herald."

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Noticing in a new series of Lincoln literature in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE that to-day, the 12th inst., is his birthday, "The Commercial Herald" is impelled to indulge brief reflection upon the growth of the posthumous fame of the "martyred President." There has probably been no other instance ever of such a change in the common opinion of a people as that experienced in Southern thought toward Lincoln since his assassination. This is with many of us matter of personal experience. The news of his death came to the South in the midst of the crash of the downfallen Confederacy. It was at the time regarded much as a battle casualty—the taking off of an enemy. Many openly rejoiced, and very few regretted or mourned. As Lincoln from the first time his name had ever been sounded in the South had been an object of derision and blind abhorrence, this feeling was but natural. Long ago the Southern people became acquainted with some of his elements of greatness, that caused general acknowledgment that his death, so deeply mourned in the North, was profoundly calamitous to the South. And now there is growing up in all minds of all sections, or rather without regard to section, a recognition in Abraham Lincoln of a grand character, a great and a good man. Such development and growth of change in the estimate of a man by his enemies is wonderful and awe-inspiring. It suggests the thought that the hand of Divinity shaped such a character for the great work to which he was so strangely called.

The increased popularity and admiration of Lincoln has been partly produced by, and has partly produced, a deluge of Lincoln literature. Biographies and sketches have followed one another in rapid, almost unbroken, succession. All have been eagerly sought and widely read. Coming out of the deepest obscurity and of the humblest origin, his walk through life has been tracked and marked in its every stage and step. The story of the struggles against the environments of the hardest poverty, the rise above the rudest surroundings and associations—on all of these light has been shed. The whole of his life's record has been laid bare, and it is the simplest truth to say that no other character of history has come out of such a crucible of both his private and public career so absolutely unalloyed, spotless and unseamed. He has been shown to have been equal at all times to the occasion and its demands—standing successfully the severest tests to which mortal man could be subjected. Elevation from the lowest and humblest station to the rulership over a mighty nation, failed to turn his head or swerve his principles. Ever true to duty, honest and just toward all, in triumph or adversity and trial, Lincoln stood unshaken and unsettled in his fidelity to right and fixity of purpose. The strifes and contentions of personal motives, the envy and rivalries of his co-workers and lieutenants, did not reach or involve him. With such an adversary, is it strange that the South failed?

From the Atlanta "Constitution."

LINCOLN IN THE SOUTH.

Editor "CONSTITUTION": Your generous and kindly words anent Abraham Lincoln will be generally approved by broad-minded Southern people. Some there may be who will resent the just praise you bestow, but these you will find belong either to that class of narrow minds who love to hate, or else were conspicuous by absence when fighters were in demand.

Much of misapprehension on the part of the South regarding the character and career of this great man has been removed by the facts of dispassionate history. Lincoln has been shown to be a genuinely great man, with a lofty soul and an honest heart. Gentle and tender as a woman, he had also the rugged virtues of a Roman tribune. No act of cruelty stains his fair fame. With opportunity to be a tyrant, he stood for liberty, and fought with the lance of a knight in a fair and open field.

It will serve no good purpose at this late date to indulge in passionate abuse. The prejudices of sectional strife must pass away as unworthy of enlightened men. England counts Cromwell as one of her heroes, and royalists and republicans alike pay tribute to the genius of the great Napoleon.

The eloquent Grady voiced the best sentiment of the South when he stood in America's metropolis, and in splendid eloquence exalted Abraham Lincoln to the highest place among American patriots and statesmen. His speech, with its matchless panegyric of Lincoln's worth and virtues, has passed into history and become a classic in the literature of this country.

Why should we of the South begrudge to him the meed of his fair fame? When Northern men can build a monument to Lee, and their orators praise his genius and character with unstinted eulogy, it is time for these bitter and narrow-minded partisans to be relegated to the rear. The brave and true recognize worth and sublimity of character everywhere, and are willing to crown the hero with his merited honors, even though his sword was drawn in the battle against them.

B. H. SASNETT.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *February* 13, 1896.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

AN EX-CONFEDERATE WROTE IN PRAISE.

Reader Recalls Letter to The Tribune Which Is Here Reprinted.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Permit me to suggest that you reprint on Lincoln's Birthday the letter of G. L. Mordecai re Lincoln, which appeared in The Tribune on February 12 or 13, 1901, over his signature. This letter is of exceptional interest and is frequently referred to. Many parties have sought in vain to procure copies of The Tribune containing the original article. I have had many applications for it since I have briefly referred to it in a monograph on Lincoln. I. M.

New York, Feb. 3, 1910.

"HAPPY TO SERVE AN ENEMY."

[From The Tribune of February 13, 1901.]

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In the memorable winter of 1864, during the Civil War, one of the most eventful periods in our national history, occurred an incident of more than ordinary interest to every admirer of the martyred and immortal Lincoln. After receiving an honorable discharge from the Confederate army, the writer, who had been an occasional contributor to the Southern press, was authorized by an officer of the most prominent blockade company in South Carolina to visit Nassau in behalf of the stockholders, who had large and valuable interests in that island. Immense cargoes of goods shipped from England to this point remained there awaiting a favorable opportunity to run the blockade at Charleston.

To facilitate this without further unnecessary delay, I left the latter city for Richmond with letters of introduction to the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of State for the Southern Confederacy. After presenting my credentials and receiving a passport to leave the South, I started immediately for Wilmington, N. C., there to embark on a blockade vessel for Nassau. On arrival, to my great amazement and discomfort, I was officially informed by General Whiting, in command of the department, that a conscription order had been issued by the Secretary of War since my departure from Richmond, calling on all able bodied men for active service and a revocation of previous passports to leave the Confederacy.

Determined not to be baffled by this unforeseen and unexpected contingency, I returned to Richmond preparatory to running the gantlet through the Confederate and Federal lines. With this in view, I accidentally made the acquaintance of a man whose past experience as an indefatigable blockade runner had been extraordinarily successful. In fact, I was only a novice, while this, his third trip through the lines from Richmond to Washington, had made him strictly a professional. Fortified with two passports, one from the Secretary of State and the other from the city authorities, accompanied by my companion, I left Richmond defiant, but doubtful as to the final result.

Like any young man whose first adventure had made him somewhat egotistical, I felt like proclaiming, "Here the conquering hero comes," but remembering that absolute reticence and strict secrecy were essential to success, I reluctantly and with great difficulty suppressed my boyish emotions and proceeded on the journey. No soldier ever entered battle with greater emotion than these two weary travellers through the mountains of Virginia. Up hill and down dale, tramping and driving long and short distances, here and there, on the ragged and rugged edge of consternation and danger, these two forlorn wanderers, completely prostrated with fatigue, for a while lost their bearings, not knowing what they were doing nor where they were going. But in time of great doubt and uncertainty, when everything seems lost, there is no safer pilot than determination, pluck and strong presence of mind.

After a long and very monotonous journey we crossed the Potomac at night, in the midst of a volley of musketry sharpshooting from sentinels stationed on the banks of the river, and arrived on the outskirts of Port Tobacco, Md., just before the dawn of another day. Completely exhausted, we vainly endeavored to procure accommodations at the only hotel in town, but were immediately informed that this was no resting place for suspected rebels, whose presence would surely impugn the loyalty of the proprietor and thus endanger his position and interests in the community. After this rebuff we wandered to the outskirts of the town, and there hailed a stage en route from Port Tobacco to Washington. Among the several passengers were furloughed federal officers and soldiers on their way home. By these we were scrutinized with a peculiar suspicion during the trip, until our arrival at the Potomac bridge entering Washington. Much to our amazement, we were then and there arrested and marched by a provost marshal's guard to headquarters for a preliminary examination, preparatory to a very long confinement in the Old Capitol prison.

Picture two forlorn, dejected, dilapidated individuals after such a struggle, on the eve of a most triumphant success, with victory near at hand, to be thus crushed and crestfallen, and you will thus realize defeat in all its significance. Prompted by conscientious motives, we declined to take the oath of allegiance tendered us by the authorities, and as a result were remanded to the Old Capitol prison for an indefinite period. After an incarceration of several months, while my case was being investigated by General Martindale, then Acting Secretary of War, interested friends in New York interceded with President Lincoln in my behalf, among them an influential friend of the President, who visited Washington for the purpose of procuring my release. His call at the White House successfully accomplished this result, and in return for this act of kindness we called at the Executive Chamber to thank President Lincoln for his consideration and magnanimity.

At that time during our Civil War, when the clash of arms resounded throughout the land amid the wails of the wounded and the lamentations of the afflicted, was performed an act of philanthropy characteristic of the true philanthropist. My friend unconsciously informed the President that I had fought against the government and that my father at that time was prominent in the Confederacy and a liberal contributor to the Southern cause. Mr. Lincoln grasped my hand, and in response answered: "I am happy to know I am able to serve an enemy."

What a noble contrast to the prevailing bitterness and animosity of that eventful period, a gentle reminder that had he lived the North and South would have been reunited in true brotherly love at a much earlier period, as he desired it, "with charity toward all and malice toward none." Such an act was worthy of example and reveals a character combining the noblest attributes of human nature.

In the winter of 1865, while in the St. Lawrence Hotel, Montreal, the writer had a conversation with Wilkes Booth, who then claimed he was on the way South to run the blockade for the purpose of entering the Confederate army. A few weeks thereafter this man was an assassin, and Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. On that memorable day I was at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, when an ex-chaplain of the Confederate army disgraced his clerical robes by exclaiming in the corridor of the hotel that the death of Lincoln was the greatest Southern victory of the war. I then narrated to him Lincoln's kindness to me and recalled to his mind the magnanimity of the illustrious statesman. He immediately acknowledged his error, bowed in submissive silence and earnestly apologized for the words unconsciously spoken in a moment of great excitement. One of the greatest, grandest characters in history was Abraham Lincoln.

I contribute this article as a tribute to his memory on this, the anniversary of his birthday, in honor of that philanthropy and magnanimity which were shining traits in the character of the nation's martyr and benefactor.

G. L. MORDECAI.

New York, Feb. 12, 1910.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Greatness and Goodness

FROM THE TULSA WORLD, FEB. 18, 1923

The anniversary of Lincoln's birth, which is celebrated today, calls forth many touching tributes and eloquent essays, but we doubt if any rose to more sublime heights, while delineating with such precise accuracy the character of the martyred president.

Not the least remarkable feature of this tribute is discovered in the fact that it came from the pen of Col. George Bailey, a native of South Carolina:

One hundred and fourteen years ago, according to the vague records of the event, Abraham Lincoln was born. A child of the southern wilderness, his character was molded and wrought in an environment of loneliness, sorrow and privation. His heart bled from early youth until under the weeping skies of a sad April morning in '65 it was drained of its last crimson drop. The joys of the world never knew him, to happiness he was a stranger, life's burdens clung to him with ever-increasing weight until death struck them from his tired shoulders. The great duties that came to him were duties of pain and sorrow, the triumphs he won were triumphs that crushed his soul with grief. Looking back on his strange career, it almost seems as if the man stalked across the stage of life with a crown of thorns on his brow, bearing a cross to his calvary, beholding the world through a mist of tears. He loved his country unselfishly and he served it nobly and with unfaltering faith. His spirit knew neither malice nor hatred, no impulse of vengeance ever sought refuge in his bosom. He was gentle of speech, sympathetic, compassionate, patient, tender, brave.

* * *

Destiny made him the broken-hearted commander-in-chief of an embattled nation turned against his native south, duty drove him through the tragic ordeal, and at the end fate struck him down and left even his estranged kinsmen bowed and dumb above his prostrate form. History reveals no counterpart of Abraham Lincoln. In body, heart, soul and mind, as well as in the fateful career that God marked out for him, the world has had no other like him among all its sons who have led mankind, from Eden to Versailles. The pyramids in time may sink beneath the desert sands, the temples of the earth crumble in the dust of ages, the fame of Caesars vanish in the darkness of oblivion, but surely so long as the race endured it will behold in the familiar figure of this martyred son—strange, gaunt, silent, colossal, with agony written in the lines of his kindly face and love glowing in his wistful eyes—the saddest, gentlest and most pathetic figure of all human history.

Left even his estranged kinsmen bowed and dumb above his prostrate form. That is the final heroic proof of Lincoln's greatness and goodness!

TULSA DAILY WORLD, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1950

Letters From the People

VIEWS OF OUR READERS.

DEFENDS LINCOLN.

To The Houston Post:

HUNTSVILLE, Texas.—Within the past few days two articles needlessly attacking that great American, Abraham Lincoln, have appeared in your paper. In vain have I waited for abler pens to do him justice. Not that Lincoln needs a defender, for he has emerged through the years in such colossal stature that H. G. Wells—the profoundest student of the history of man—classes him as one of the six greatest men the human race has produced, measuring their greatness by the impress they made on their own and following generations. As listed by Mr. Wells, these giants of humanity are Confucius, Buddha, Jesus Christ, Asoka, Aristotle and Lincoln. Any fair appraisal of the works of these men will show them to be in the vanguard of the race.

Before I go any further let me say here that both of my grandfathers were Confederate soldiers, and the only uncle I had anyways near old enough joined the Southern army at about 17 years of age, and fought through the bitterest fighting of the war, including Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. So I may be permitted to say some rather rough things about the South.

Mr. Ed Arnold seems to be terribly wrought up because Lincoln ordered a profoundly significant celebration to be held at Fort Sumter, S. C., on April 14, 1865, just four years to a day after military forces in rebellion against the United States had begun the War of the Rebellion there by capturing the fort.

What could be a more fitting end to the bloody campaigns of the period between April 14, 1861, and April 14, 1865? The rebellion had begun and ended at the same place, on the same date, save that four years of sadness and sorrow, tears and terror had flown into eternity. The same man that had lowered the flag in defeat now raised in triumph the same identical flag! With rebellion crushed and the Union restored, Lincoln's oft-expressed ambition was achieved, and he prepared to welcome back the erring States.

Mr. Arnold seems to think that Lincoln's plan of reorganizing the government was some secret, sinister scheme. During his campaign for the presidency in 1860 Lincoln repeatedly asserted private property, even slaves, were safe with him. Even after his election he showed them that the Democrats had a majority in congress, and he could do nothing radical. But in the meantime the game cocks of the South were running up and down the land, crowing loudly, ruffling up their feathers, and trying to frighten the grand old bird, the American eagle.

Lincoln time and time again said no State could legally withdraw from the Union, that no legal government existed in the rebel States, and that as soon as armed resistance ceased these revolting States could come back into the Union on the old status. It is possible he would have been unable to hold the rabid leaders of congress in line, but that was his plan. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was a war measure and was directed at only such States as were in arms against the United States. About four months were given in which to lay down their arms and save their slaves.

Lincoln's amnesty proclamation of 1863 gave full pardon to all such as would cease their treasonable activities, lay down their arms, accept the Constitution and again become American citizens.

This same year Lincoln had an opportunity to disclose his idea of what to do with the rebellious States when military victory gave him opportunity. After military successes, provisional governments were established in Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana. Functioning governments were set up and representatives and senators were admitted to the congress. That was his plan—to permit their return, without restriction or restraint. They merely had to lay down their arms and accept the Constitution, together with the amendments thereto and the laws thereunder.

Mr. C. E. Gilbert seems about ready to rebel again because some preacher a short while ago made some complimentary remarks about Lincoln before a U. D. C. meeting, during an address about Robert E. Lee. These remarks were probably pertinent to the address, for one of Lee's chief claims to fame rests upon his almost successful attempt to destroy the American Union, while Lincoln's preservation of that great human institution will forever endear him to real Americans, either Northern or Southern. One could not discuss fully either of these men without mentioning the other.

Mr. Gilbert seems greatly chagrined because a preacher would dare to mention Lincoln in the same breath as Lee, and particularly before a gathering of the U. D. C. Now let me tell you what one of these U. D. C.'s did before a Memorial Day group. We had gathered around the grave of a soldier here in the same cemetery wherein that great American, Sam Houston, sleeps the eternal sleep. This was the same Sam Houston whom the United Confederates, forgetting his matchless military and political services to both the Republic of Texas and the State of Texas, kicked out of the governor's office because he would not sign the secession ordinance. This U. D. C. lady eulogized to the skies those great rebel military chieftains, Lee and Jackson, then concluded her address by saying: "There is another speaker present—he will give the other side." As if there could be another side to the question of Americans honoring American soldier dead!

One can not say what Lincoln would have done had not a half-crazy actor snuffed out his life on the evening of the same day that Old Glory was again being unfurled over Fort Sumter. Powerful forces, radical and wrathful, were massing against his plan to restore the States to their place in the Union. Thad Stevens, Ben Wade, Charles Sumner and others of like ilk were advancing the "conquered territory" theory, and Lincoln would have had a fight on hand that would have tested the strength of the titan that he was.

We can only judge him by what he had clearly shown he intended to do. And that is why, in that inspiring memorial to Lincoln in the National capitol, the inscription on the monument that is probably the most fitting description on any monument in the world. It is:

"In this temple, as in the hearts of the American people for whom he saved the Union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever."

JOHN W. BERRY.

Letters From the People

Houston Post 5/7/33

VIEWS OF OUR READERS.

GENERAL LOGAN'S MISSION.

To The Houston Post:

NORTH ZULCH, Texas.—I would like to state that I enjoy reading the letters which The Post is kind enough to publish. Most of them are fair-minded and help us to get an insight into the prevalent ideas of the people of dear old Texas.

Referring in particular to the letter of C. E. Gilbert, published May 2, 1933, entitled "Full Truth About Lincoln," would like to state that I may or may not be nearly as old as C. E. Gilbert, as my age is 63; but he speaks as one having full knowledge of Civil war events in his "Full Truth" statements. He referred to General Logan as a Northern Republican. We presume that he means General John A. Logan. Now, listen; General J. A. Logan was my old uncle, and his father was my grandfather, who was a Kentuckian and a real dyed-in-the-wool Southern Democrat as well as his two boys, John and Tom Logan. Uncle John turned Republican just as the war started, and believe it or not, this is the way it came about: Mr. Gilbert pictures Lincoln as a man who deliberately and maliciously brought on the war. If Uncle John were living today he might give Mr. Gilbert a bit of inside news that perhaps he would not relish.

It may be news to everybody (come to think about it), but Mr. Lincoln together with his advisers, selected John A. Logan as a delegate to the South because he was a Southern Democrat through and through in political sentiment. He went with instructions to make some kind of an agreement with the South to avert war if it possibly could be done, but unfortunately when he met in the conference our Southern men had been imbibing just a little too freely and he could not reason with them, or get them to agree to any kind of proposition. Finally, one individual said in a grandiloquent manner: "Give us a blank sheet of paper and let us write our own terms, and we will not accept it." Now, friends, I expect this is the first time these words have been put in print. Uncle John would not talk about it, except when he told the family why he failed to make an agreement; but he returned a different man, being one of the hottest Republicans of the time, and one of the hardest fighting generals in the Northern army.

I can't help thinking sometimes that "IF" (that little "IF") old Uncle John had been a little more patient and met with those men a second time, perhaps history might have been different.

The old soldiers on both sides are the most charitable men I have ever talked to relative to the Civil war: the Confederate veterans call it "The rich man's war and the poor man's fight." They ought to have some kind of an idea of what they are talking about.

It seems that the "Yankees" never did get mad enough to fight very well until after the sad affair of Libby and Andersonville prisons, then they took up the battle cry of "Remember Libby! Remember Andersonville!"

I have been about some in the North as well as in the South, and I find that everywhere I have been in the North the people hold the name of Robert E. Lee in the highest respect.

I was in San Antonio when Theodore Roosevelt visited that city. They had a review of the army of the Southwest division which gave a demonstration in his honor. General Fitzhugh Lee had charge of the maneuvers. Your humble servant pulled a bonehead by taking a near cut through the shrubbery and ran right upon the general sitting upon a magnificent white charger at his appointed station where he was sending out orders directing the army maneuvers. Realizing what I had done I stopped in panic. The grand old man gave me a keen look, smiled and dismissed me with a friendly wave of the hand. Slipping away from there I realized more fully than ever why these two old generals were loved all over the land. If the South could have had a few more men like them, there just wouldn't have been any war.

Every time I read a mud slinging letter it makes me bow my head in humiliation. We are not living in the past. We are living very much in the present and for the future.

With brotherly love to all.

JOHN SWANWICK.

Letters From The People

VIEWS OF OUR READERS.

SOUTHERNER PRAISES LINCOLN.

To The Houston Post:

HUNTSVILLE, Texas.—On April 18 you published a letter from Mr. C. E. Gilbert, which was almost entirely a rebuttal of a defense of Lincoln I had previously written.

In his article Mr. Gilbert said I did not tell what Lincoln's plan for reorganizing the South was. But even a casual reading of my article will show I did give his plan. I said: "After military successes, provisional governments were established in Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana. Functioning governments were set up and representatives and senators were admitted to the congress. That was his plan—to permit their return, without restriction or restraint. They merely had to lay down their arms and accept the Constitution, together with the amendments thereto and the laws thereunder." Now any one ought to be able to understand such simple language, unless he be one of those about whom it is said that "there are none so blind as those who will not see."

He says he has never heard of Lincoln proposing a plan of reorganization. Why, Mr. Gilbert! What about Lincoln's famous 10 per cent proclamation—substantially the "Louisiana plan" I mentioned—dated December 8, 1863, which reads as follows: "If one-tenth of the qualified voters, as shown by the presidential election of 1860, take an oath of fealty to the Constitution and obedience of the acts of congress and of the proclamations of the president as to slaves and shall re-establish State governments, such shall be recognized as the true government of the State." This seems to me to be a very sensible plan of reorganization, and it is surprising to me that any one who would either attack or defend Lincoln would be in ignorance of this official plan.

My Confederate ancestry — two grandfathers and the only uncle I had then large enough to wear long pants were Confederate soldiers—does not so befuddle my brain that I can see nothing else. It is true my ancestors were Confederates for four years, but they have been Americans for 157 years, and helped Washington win our independence. To which should I pay the greater devotion—four short years of the Confederacy, or over a century and a half of loyalty to America? The answer is obvious.

These Confederates were rebels—no matter whose ancestors they were. They were in armed rebellion against the majesty of the United States of America, and it is axiomatic in the annals of history that members of an unsuccessful revolution are rebels—if the revolution wins then they become patriots.

Mr. Gilbert seems to have a faint idea that I'm not much of a Confederate. Let me disabuse him of any doubt along that line. I'm not Confederate at all. I am all American. I put on the American uniform when Colquitt called out the militia in the spring of 1914 to stage his little comic opera war against Mexico. At that time I was so young all I needed to shave with was a little sweet cream and a six months old kitten. Two years later, when Villa raided Columbus, I again answered the call to the colors, and in less than two years' time I was commanding a squadron in the same regiment—the 5th cavalry—in which Robert E. Lee had commanded three squadrons as his last field command in the American army.

Now, Ma Ferguson could come out on the front steps of the capitol at Austin, and yell to high Heaven for volunteers to help her whip Uncle Sam because she did not like some of Roosevelt's policies about beer, or the banks, or something else, and I'd never answer her call. I would join an army, however, to restrain her, or any other governor acting so crazily. And that is just the way the War of the Rebellion started—a bunch of them did not like Lincoln's views on slavery.

Mr. Gilbert chided me a bit for not commending Lincoln for the way he acted at the start of the war. Space forbade a full recital of Lincoln's worth. His election was the result of a split in the dominant Democratic party, just as Wilson's first election was the result of a Republican split. There was much Northern sentiment to "let the Southern brother depart in peace." Adroitly, he maneuvered the South into attacking Fort Sumter, and this assault on the flag ignited the patriotism of the North. Again, when Northern patriotism was at a low ebb, he issued the emancipation proclamation, designed to cause the anti-slavery adherents to rally around the flag, which it did.

No man has ever been situated as Lincoln was. Fate had called him to the National helm from the obscurity of an Illinois prairie law office. He had held practically no public offices. The Nation was divided upon the issue of whether to preserve the Union or permit its dissolution. His chief advisers thought they were much smarter than he was.

But he aroused in the Nation the spirit he desired, and he molded it into a force before which rebellion finally ceased.

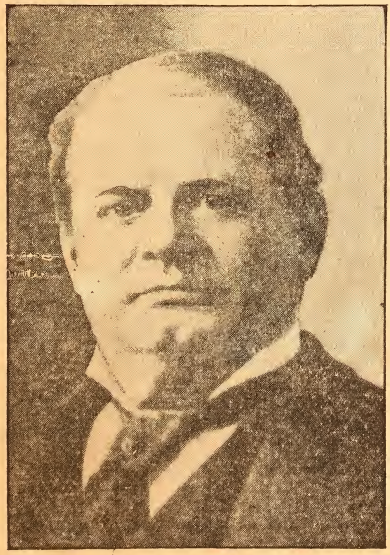
As soon as the Northern radicals like Ben Wade, Thad Stevens, Charles Sumner and others began to talk of "State suicide," and "conquered territory" Lincoln disagreed with them, and announced his "10 per cent" plan mentioned above. Lincoln had repeatedly shown his desire to weld the Union together again, each State upon its former foundation.

Probably a tenderer, more humane American never lived than Lincoln, nor one with a deeper vision. True, he fought the South, sometimes almost single-handed, but doesn't a father sometimes have to thrash the devil out of his son? He almost failed of re-election on the war issue. But he saved the American Union, and as long as over a united American people Old Glory floats, not one stripe removed, nor one star plucked out of its field of blue, just that long will real Americans, either Northern or Southern, honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln. JOHN W. BERRY.

MAY 8, 1933

FORMER REBEL IN LINCOLN'S PRAISE

Middlesex Club Is Addressed by Hon John S. Wise of Virginia.



EX-CONGRESSMAN JOHN S. WISE,
Speaker on Lincoln at the Middlesex Club Banquet.

Congressman Landis of Indiana Tells Of Martyred President at Home.

The celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln by the Middlesex club at hotel Brunswick last evening was in every way a memorable event, even for an organization which has for years made a feature of its Lincoln night celebrations and has had at these celebrations some of the best orators in the land.

There were undoubtedly great eulogies of Lincoln all over the country last evening, but it is indeed doubtful if there was anything more earnest, more fervent and more patriotic than that of Ex-Congressman John A. Wise of Virginia, who in his boyhood served in the confederate army and who in his manhood came to reverence the name and the life of Abraham Lincoln as America's greatest man and sunest model. He is a gifted orator and his eulogy made a great impression on all who heard it last evening.

Then there was Congressman Charles B. Landis of Indiana, another famous orator, who, coming from Lincoln's boyhood home, painted a word picture of the martyred president—of his patience, of his masterfulness—of his few who had the privilege of hearing will soon forget. He delivered a eulogy on Lincoln 10 years ago before the Middlesex club and the memory of that oration was still strong in the minds of many who were present last evening.

Gen Nelson A. Miles also paid his tribute to the memory of Lincoln, and Rev Dr Alexander Mann closed the exercises with a brief review of the deeply religious character of Lincoln's life.

Great Celebration.

It was a great celebration. There were about 400 present at the dinner. The large dining hall was ablaze with color and lights; there was splendid music of a patriotic character and national songs were sung with enthusiasm by all present. Beside each plate in a roll was a beautiful portrait of Lincoln—the gift of John Shepard. The menu contained an embossed portrait of Lincoln in gold, with a silver wreath and a picture of Lincoln's birthplace on the front cover. Then came a poem by John Kendrick Bangs, another portrait of Lincoln, national songs, and finally on the back cover a medallion portrait of Lincoln, showing both sides of the medal.

Seated at the head table, on either side of Hon Samuel Powers, president of the club, were Ex-Congressman John S. Wise, Congressman Charles B. Landis, Gen Nelson A. Miles, Ex-Gov J. Q. A. Bracket, John Shepard, Rev Alexander Mann, Col S. O. Bigney, Lieut U. S. Grant 3d, William D. Chaffield, Henry E. Turner, John Carr, Adelbert Lathrop Hudson, Luke C. Wead, Robert Walker, Charles E. Hatfield, Seward W. Jones, Charles D. B. Fisk and Lewis Greenwood. Seated at the other tables were many prominent citizens of Boston and vicinity.

Confederate Soldiers Tribute.

Ex Congressman Wise, when called upon by Pres Powers, said:

"Historians delight to assert, among many other doubtful maxims, that no man may be correctly judged by his contemporaries. That may be true as a rule of current events. It is not only not true of some men, but is exactly the reverse.

"On a certain occasion at a banquet in Richmond, Va, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, a distinguished orator and lawyer, began an address by saying: 'Fellow citizens, the muse of history tells us—' His enthusiastic audience interrupted him with cheers for the muse of history. Thrice he essayed the same remark with the same result. Then, in disgust, he waved his hands and left the rostrum, saying: 'Damn the muse of history, fellow citizens, she always was and always will be a lying jade.'

Neither Saint Nor Clown.

"Without such violent denunciation of the muse of history, I take this occasion to inform her that she can be of very little service to me in portraying the character of Lincoln. With all deference to her ability and her discrimination, those of us who lived when Lincoln did knew him as well as history ever can, and our facts are better than history's imaginings.

"The radical vice of the average speech on Lincoln is that it either runs to the extreme of sublime idealization or descends to trivialities which were mere diversions with him.

"Lincoln was neither an abstraction nor a joke with me or mine. He was neither a saint nor a clown. In my earliest manhood he was the toughest and deadliest enemy with whom my people grappled upon a mighty issue, and in the onrush of a million of our foes, led by Abraham Lincoln, there was no thought of boyish levity.

"What new thing can history tell us about the career of Lincoln? Do we not know that half a century ago this country was rent asunder by differences concerning secession and slavery? Only childish or senile prejudice would now assert that all the arguments or all the brave and good men of this land were on either side of those great questions. The perpetuity of this union was the supreme issue. Far than, perhaps in second only to it, was the question of slavery.

Lincoln Had Faith.

"Abraham Lincoln had neither the learning, the experience in public life nor the eloquent massage of William H. Seward. Nor had he the political training, the polish or the skilled weapons of debate possessed by his great antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas. What he had was a faith which knew no variableness nor shadow of turning, and a purpose that he boldly announced at the outset and persistently continued under any discouragement until it was carried to success.

"It is a mistake to say he was an unlearned man. He was learned in the things which he made the business of his life. He knew his Bible, from which he took his maxims of personal conduct. He knew more and better the life of George Washington, whom he made his example, and he had studied the constitution of the United States as few other men in this country ever did, and made George Washington's love of union and construction of the constitution the pole star of his political life.

"No hesitancy or vacillating had his idol more devoutly than Lincoln worshiped the federal union. He was not at all times able to answer the substitutes of secession and compromise arguments in the sequence of their logical array, but a faith like his had a simple outlet from all such difficulties, and every such argument was concluded by him with the statement that if the government of the United States was worth forming it was worth maintaining, and that he stood for those who loved it well enough to fight and if need be to die for its preservation.

Hated No Class.

"Rising to the height of that great argument, he laughed at antagonists to brush aside their sophistries. He prayed that the issue they suggested might never come. He declared his purpose, if it did come, was to fight to the death, until the strongest man should win. This was what made the union sentiment of this country choose Abraham Lincoln as its leader. His faith in his cause was the secret of their faith in him.

"His courage in announcing that the union should not be peacefully dissolved is what brought to him the power which saved the union. Neither his nature nor his political career was complex nor were his methods either deceitful or unworthy. He was the representative of the federal union, and every man who joined him in that worship was his brother. He was of humble origin, an ingrained democrat, and had faith in the power of people to rule. Yet he was no sans culotte. He hated no class by reason of their wealth, their learning or their social superiority.

"His ambition was to raise the masses to a higher level, yet his whole life may be searched through without finding one unworthy appeal to the prejudice of masses against classes. He loved the constitution and the laws of his country. Denying the right of secession he believed in the protection of the rights of every American citizen under the constitution, and would have protected those rights so long as the union stood. He was not even an abolitionist.

"It is safe to say that if the southern states had not seceded, the interest of the slave owners would have been protected by Lincoln as jealously as the perpetuity of the union was fought for by him. He did not love slavery, yet he would not have wronged the slave owner.

His Worship of Union.

"He proclaimed the freedom of the slave as a war measure, to cripple an armed foe, declaring as he did so that it was justifiable as a war measure, and could never have been done as a constitutional measure if peace had been preserved.

"Strangely simple, marvelously free from the lust of power or the pride of conquest was the life of Lincoln, and in the hour of greatest bitterness there radiated from him a simple Americanism, recognized by friend and foe alike. If we keep in view the almost idolatrous worship of union which dominated the being of this man, every act of his political life is simple, consistent and intelligible, as it appears in his career. He had undoubtedly a boundless love and sympathy for man. He had no malice in his heart against foes whom he never ceased to regard as brethren.

"The wonder concerning such a tender nature is how firm and unshaken it was at all times, in its sole purpose to preserve the union. The supreme evidence of this appeared in one of the last of public acts of Lincoln.

"The southern struggle was staggering in exhaustion to its last defeat, and nobody knew better than Abraham Lincoln. At Hampton Roads he met the confederate commissioners, inquiring the terms upon which peace might be secured. A long debate ensued. He stood their how thoroughly he understood their extremity. He explained to them that his freedom of the slaves had passed the point where it could be reconsidered without distonor to himself and to the nation. There was no discussion of northern bitterness for the lives that had been sacrificed. There was no talk of pains or penalties. There was no vulgar demand of money recompense.

Supreme Appeal For Peace.

"Lincoln stood there appealing to his brethren for peace, for restored fraternity, for the union of their fathers and of his, and, as was told me by one of the participants, they consented to meet where, seizing a blank sheet of paper, and with the whole ardor of his great nature pouring itself forth in his appeal, he said:

"Gentlemen and brethren: Let me but write on this blank sheet of paper that the union is to be preserved and slavery is to be abolished, and they may dictate all the other terms. I have lived to God's providence to dedicate my life to a preservation of this union. I would have done it without the abolition of slavery, if I could have done so. You forced me to emancipate as a war measure, which it is too late to recall, and now but give me peace and union, and the self-respect involved in what is irrevocably done, and there shall be no more of pain, no more of death, no more of suffering, no more of recrimination, nothing in the future but fraternity and the matchless glory which awaits the preservation of our common union.'

"This supreme effort failed. The confederacy collapsed, and first to appear among his downtrodden brethren was Lincoln, with outstretched hands, imploring peace, without pains or penalties. It was then that an assassin's bullet cut him down.

"Perhaps the loss was not his. No one knows what he was spared of humiliation and ingratitude, because he was so sublimely above the lingering bitterness of that time. Certain it is that his foes were the greatest sufferers by the crime of which he was the victim.

Two Great Souls.

"In all America there seems to have been but two great souls who rose above the smoke and carnage of Appomattox and soared on eagle's pinions to heights above, seeing with undimmed vision the true basis of hope for the future of the United States. These two men were Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. Foul murder stilled forever the gentle voice of Lincoln.

"The great soldier Lee, faithful to the very last to the cause he had defended, wiped his bloody sword and sheathed it. He spread his hands in benediction over his matchless soldiery and told them that their dream of a divided nation was forever ended; that the cause for which they had struggled was dead, as if it were buried beneath the tombs of the Cæsars; that duty and common sense bade them accept the decision by wager of battle, and not only to renew allegiance but to yield it cheerfully to the government from which they had been unable to release themselves.

"He begged them to devote themselves to the task of forgetting the bitterness of civil strife and to building up anew the waste places of our common country. We all know how the southerners loved Lee and what his faithfulness and services to them had been. Yet this almost divine counsel fell on deaf ears. Such common sense and magnanimity is sometimes possible in private conflict, but to expect it in great sections of warring factions in civil strife is to hope too much from human nature. If Lincoln had lived how much of bitterness awaited him we know not; for his charity, his humanity, his good sense were of the same quality as those of Lee.

Unique, Colossal Glory.

"Mr Chairman and Gentlemen, there were, in my opinion, but two human planets of the first magnitude produced by the civil war. They were Lincoln and Lee. I shall not compare them. Neither could accomplish all he sought, but the grandeur of both examples will be a stimulus to practice the virtues they taught enough all the coming ages of America's greatness. Such lives are a precious heritage to posterity.

"I know not if I ask any northern brother too much when I point out to him the life and character of Lee as worthy of his veneration and his gratitude. But this I know full well. I was a confederate soldier. I loved my cause—I had faith in it. I venerate the memory of its brave leaders and a hundred thousand graves of gallant youth attest the sincerity of its followers. But 47 years have passed since then. I know now that this country could never have been so happy, so prosperous, or so great as it is, if the union had been dissolved, or if slavery had not been abolished.

"Thus, even on the question of judgment, is Lincoln proved to have been right. But, even if it were not so, no bigot and no partisan can rob me of the right, as an American citizen, to honor the unique, colossal glory of Abraham Lincoln. His personality overshadows that of all others of his time.

"Lincoln was but one more of those great Americans who have demonstrated from time to time, ever since this government was founded, that education, social prestige and generations of preparation are not indispensable to the best rulers. His genius was crowned by innate capacity. It will stand forth through the ages as another proof of God's power which mocks the most ambitious strivings of man. Such a noble life is as simple as the mountain which God rears to mock the most ambitious structure of man's building. It is as transparent as the mountain streams and pools, pure and undefiled which none but God can cause to flow.

"It is based on sincerity like that of God-given mother's love, and on methods as direct as the God-given rays of sunlight. A life like Lincoln's belongs, for all the ages, to all the people of this country, and the more they study it, the more they seek to emulate it, the more surely shall the people of all America be lifted to a higher and purer standard."

Two Toasts Drunk Standing.

During the banquet two toasts were drunk standing: one "To the chief executive of a great nation, the President of a great republic," and the other, drunk in silence, "To the greatest memory in all history—Abraham Lincoln."

When Hon Samuel L. Powers arose to open the after-dinner exercises he was greeted with a loud burst of applause. He said:

"We have met to do honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. But this is not the first time this club has met for such a purpose. There is nothing spasmodic about this celebration. For years we have kept fresh the memory of Lincoln and Grant, and later on we may add the name of another great president. He then introduced Congressman Charles E. Landis of Indiana, who was given three cheers, and who said the reception reminded him of a similar reception by the same club 10 years ago on Lincoln night.

"Do you wonder," said he, "my heart leaped when I looked into the face of Gov Harcourt this morning, the man who presided at that banquet 10 years ago.

"Gentlemen of the Middlesex club, the personality of no man was more comprehensive than that of Abraham Lincoln. It invests and envelopes everything and everybody. And each recurring anniversary but lightens the reverence with which his name is held by men and women, by boys and girls, by old people and little children.

"We are too much inclined, in my judgment, to clothe in lineaments of supernaturalism many of those who have won fame in this world. It is a mistake. Lincoln was a man. He was a child of nature. I feel there was so much of nature about him that I believe we will always have to him with us as a man. Washington was great; Grant was great; but Lincoln was a plain, simple, modest, moral, immortal man.

"One hundred years ago he came into the world—born in the darkness of the multitude. Adversity was his mother; necessity his best teacher. He was freedom's friend. War was his great greatest fame—his greatest passion was peace. His deeds will give him immortality until the end of time. Plain, simple, unaffected Lincoln! How many illustrations there are of his quaint humor."

Gentle Historical Memory.

He told several stories to illustrate this trait in Lincoln's character, including that of the delegation from Kansas who called on him during the war to protest against some order. They said they came from a place called Weeping Water.

"Weeping Water," said Lincoln, in a slow drawl, with a twinkle in his eyes. "They say Minnehaha means 'laughing water'. I suppose Minnehoboo means 'weeping water'."

"I like to think of Lincoln as the gentlest memory in all history. He was great, but above all else he was gentle and simple. I like to think of him as the accepted suitor of Annie Rutledge, the lovely girl sweetheart he only girl he ever loved, and whose death broke his heart. I like to think of Lincoln going to market with a field with his basket on his arm and his great shawl over his shoulders and leading little Tad and telling him stories on the way.

"I like to think of his inviting Dennis Hanks to the White House and presenting him with a big silver watch, but I like him above all as the President who could pardon a deserter, as the man who wrote letters to mothers who had lost sons in the war, and to wives who had lost husbands. That's the Lincoln that you love. I love him—God's Lincoln—immortal Lincoln.

"He was never fully understood until he closed his eyes in his last long sleep. Then Stanton said: 'Now he belongs to the ages.' His most malignant detractors became his greatest eulogists."

Here Congressman Landis recited a few stanzas of Tom Taylor's poem of contrition in Punch. He said:

"We should learn from Lincoln's life lessons of conservative expression about those who are doing the best they know how and bearing the burdens of the people at Washington."

Like Speaking of a Father.

Gen Miles said: "I only want to say a few words concerning the man I carried a torch for in 1860, and whom I had the honor of serving under from 1861 to 1865. It seems like speaking of one's own father. If there was ever a man—a leader, a statesman, or a great commander, who had the love and esteem of those under him, it was Abraham Lincoln. We loved him, we revered him.

"The anniversary of Abraham Lincoln is one which humanity in the remotest corners of the globe will bless. The liberty-loving people of the world will honor the name of Abraham Lincoln. He was a man of the common people, ay, but the most uncommon man that ever lived. There is not a mother but can point with pride to the life of Abraham Lincoln, for there is not a finer, a purer character, or a nobler life, than that of honest Abe."

LINCOLN DAY IN HOUSE.

Gettysburg Address Read by Mr Boutell of Illinois and Nye of Minnesota Makes Address.

WASHINGTON, Feb 12—In his invocation today chaplain Couden of the house of representatives paid a tribute to Lincoln, after which the journal was read and Mr Boutell of Illinois read Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

Mr Nye of Minnesota, in a classical address, characterized Lincoln as "large enough to love all the universe, all men, all races, all peoples."

On request of Mr Burleson of Texas there was incorporated into the proceedings an address on Lincoln by Representative Sheppard of Texas, delivered a year ago, "as showing Lincoln from the viewpoint of a southern man."

Applause greeted the reading of a letter from James Bryce, British ambassador, inclosing a dispatch from his government conveying to this government "the cordial sympathy of his majesty's government with the spirit which inspires the United States in this celebration and their desire to share in paying a tribute of honor and appreciation to the strength and simplicity of President Lincoln's character, which not only conferred such inestimable benefits on the United States, but tended to promote the freedom and progress of the human race."

Prior to the proceedings of the house, the wheels of the national government were stopped today in honor of the Lincoln anniversary.

At Howard university the negro students witnessed the unveiling of a painting of "The Underground Railway." Sec of the Interior Garfield and other prominent speakers were on the program.

Speaker Cannon was one of several noted figures in public life who spoke to several thousand people who crowded Masonic temple. Ambassador Joaquim Nabuco of Brazil, Justice W. P. Stafford of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, Thomas Nelson Page and Ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri also delivered addresses.

The effect of Lincoln's career in shaping the history of the South American republics was dwelt upon by Ambassador Nabuco. Rev Edward Everett Hale, Bishop D. J. O'Connell and other prominent clergymen were present and took part in the ceremonies.

N.Y. TRIBUNE JAN 27-03

PRAISE FOR LINCOLN.

THE SOUTH'S FRIEND.

Would Have Prevented Reconstruction Evils, Says Col. Watterson.

The annual dinner of the Confederate Veteran Camp, of New-York City, was held last night at the Waldorf-Astoria. Toasts to the President and the army and navy were drunk standing. The speakers were Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, "Robert E. Lee"; Colonel Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, "Abraham Lincoln," and William Hepburn Russell, "Jefferson Davis."

Mrs. Hollingsworth-Watkins, formerly of Louisiana, in appropriate costumes, sang songs of ante-bellum days, and Reed Miller, formerly of South Carolina, also furnished vocal entertainment. The last thing on the programme was the sounding of taps.

Four hundred members of the camp, with their wives and guests, sat down to the dinner. The spacious dining hall was lavishly decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. Immediately behind the guests' table a great profusion of silken American flags were draped, the colors of the Confederate Veterans' Camp, a big white flag, with red and blue Maltese cross and thirteen stars in the centre, occupying a conspicuous place in the foreground. Instead of the customary long white tables, small tables, seating three men and a corresponding number of women, were used.

At the guests' table with the commander of the camp, Edward Owen, were the speakers and Mayor Low, ex-Chief Justice D. L. Snodgrass, of Tennessee; James H. Parker, past commander of the camp; General Thomas H. Hubbard, of the New-England Society; Walter S. Logan, Sons of the American Revolution; W. W. Fuller, North Carolina Society; the Rev. Dr. J. Nevitt Steele, Maryland Society; Roger A. Pryor, Virginia Society; George H. Taylor, Alexander Hamilton Post; General A. S. Barnes, Lafayette Post; J. E. Graybill, Georgia Society; the Rev. George S. Baker, chaplain of the Confederate Veterans' Camp of New-York; Colonel Samuel B. Paul, lieutenant commander, Confederate Veterans' Camp of New-York, and Augustus Van Wyck, Southern society.

Other guests were J. Hampden Robb, John H. Ingram, Colonel Arthur Murray, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. John C. Calhoun, Dr. John A. Wyeth, Isaac N. Seligman, William P. Clyde, Dr. William M. Polk, Dr. Simon Baruch, General Francis V. Greene, Justice Charles M. Truax, O. W. Buckingham, ex-Judge William K. Olcott, William Preston Hix, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, General H. T. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Wise, Professor Thomas R. Price, Patrick Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore C. Caskin, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gwathmey, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Pritchard, Dr. and Mrs. Russell B. Pemberton, Captain Charles P. Eckols, U. S. A.; Colonel Asa Bird Gardiner, Mr. and Mrs. T. Darrington Semple, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Winkler, Justice and Mrs. Henry Bischoff, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gracie and R. W. Gwathmey.

Mr. Adams was the first speaker. In advocating the erection of a statue for General Robert E. Lee, the speaker said he did not want Congress to pay for it, that he had been misunderstood in that respect. He would have Congress give the site only, and have the monument built by subscription. He also said:

So I am here this evening—as I have said, a Massachusetts man as well as a member of the Loyal Legion—to do honor to the memory of him who was chief among those once set in array against us. I might speak of him as a strategist, but of this aspect of the man, enough has perhaps been said. I might refer to the respect, the confidence and love with which he inspired those under his command. I might dilate on his restraint in victory, his resource and patient endurance in the face of adverse fortune, the serene dignity with which he, in the end, triumphed over defeat. But, passing over all these well-worn themes, I shall confine myself to that one attribute of his which, recognized in a soldier by an opponent, I cannot but regard as his surest and loftiest title to enduring fame. I refer to his humanity in arms and his scrupulous regard for the most advanced rules of civilized warfare.

Reckless of life to attain the legitimate ends of war, he sought to mitigate its horrors. Opposed to him at Gettysburg, I, here, forty years later, do him justice. No more creditable order ever issued from a commanding general than that formulated and signed by Robert E. Lee as, at the close of June, 1863, he advanced on a war of invasion. "No greater disgrace," he then declared, "can befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our movement. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men."

And here, as a soldier of the Army of the Potomac, let me bear my testimony to such of the army of Northern Virginia as may now be present. While war at its best is bad, yet its necessary and unavoidable badness was not in that campaign enhanced. In scope and spirit Lee's order was observed, and I doubt if a hostile force ever advanced in an enemy's country, or fell back from it in retreat, leaving behind it less cause for hate and bitterness than did the army of Northern Virginia in that memorable campaign which culminated at Gettysburg.

Why should not his effigy, erect on his charger and wearing the insignia of his Confederate rank, gaze from his pedestal across the Potomac at the Virginia shore, and his once dearly loved home of Arlington? He, too, is one of the precious possessions of what is an essential factor in the nation that now is and is to be.

I never supposed that Robert E. Lee's statue in Washington would be provided for by an appropriation from the national Treasury. I did not wish it; I do not think it fitting. The effigy, assigned to its place merely by act of Congress, should bear some such inscription as this:

"Robert Edward Lee. Erected by Contribution of Those Who, Wearing the Blue or Wearing the Gray, Recognize Brilliant Military Achievements and Lofty Character, Honor, Greatness and Humanity in War, and Devotion and Dignity in Defeat."

He was followed by Colonel Watterson, who said in part:

Jefferson Davis, than whom there never lived, in this or in any land, a nobler gentleman and a knightlier soldier—Jefferson Davis, who, whatever may be thought of his opinions and actions, said always what he meant and meant always what he said—Jefferson Davis declared that next after the surrender at Appomattox the murder of Abraham Lincoln made the darkest day in the calendar for the South and the people of the South. Why? Because Mr. Davis had come to a knowledge of the magnanimity of Mr. Lincoln's heart and the generosity of his intentions.

If Lincoln had lived there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the cue of his jubilant cry to spur the steeds of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the Southern States—to use his homely phraseology—"should come back home and behave themselves," and if he had lived he would have made this wish effectual, as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself.

His was the genius of common sense. Of perfect intellectual aplomb, he sprang from a Southern pedigree and was born in the South. He knew all about the South, its institutions, its traditions and its peculiarities. He was an old line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leaning, never an abolitionist. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong," but he also said, and reiterated it time and again, "I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we would not instantly give it up."

THE SOUTH'S FRIEND IN NEED.

From first to last throughout the angry debates preceding the war, amid all the passions of the war itself, not one vindictive, proscriptive word fell from his tongue or pen, while during its progress there was scarcely a day when he did not project his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger. Yet the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that this big bridled, big souled man was a

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friend, a friend at court, when friends were most in need, having the will and the power to rescue it from the wolves of brutality and rapine whom the history of all wars tells us the lust of victory, the very smell of battle, lures from their hiding to prey upon the helpless, the dying and the dead. But, perusing the after story of those dreary days, Mr. Davis knew this and died doing full justice to the character of Abraham Lincoln.

Considerable discussion has been heard recently touching what did and did not happen upon the occasion of a famous historic episode known as the Hampton Roads Conference. That Mr. Lincoln met and conferred with the official representatives of the Confederate Government, headed by the Vice-President of the Confederate States, when it must have been known to him that the Confederacy was nearing the end of its resources, is sufficient proof of the breadth both of his humanity and his patriotism. Yet he went to Fortress Monroe prepared not only to make whatever concessions toward the restoration of union and peace he had the lawful authority to make, but to offer some concessions which could in the nature of the case go no further at that time than his personal assurance, his constitutional power was limited. But he was in himself the embodiment of great moral power.

THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

The story that he offered payment for the slaves—so often affirmed and denied—is in either case but a quibble with the actual facts. He could not have made such an offer except tentatively, lacking the means to carry it out. He was not given the opportunity to make it, because the Confederate commissioners were under instructions to treat solely on the basis of the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy, and the conference came to naught. It ended where it began. But there is ample evidence that he went to Hampton Roads resolved to commit himself to that proposition. He did, according to the official reports, refer to it in specific terms, having already formulated a plan of procedure. The plan, it requires no verification, it exists, and may be seen in his own handwriting. It embodied a joint resolution to be submitted by the President to the two houses of Congress appropriating four hundred millions of dollars to be distributed among the Southern States on the basis of the slave population of each according to the census of 1860, and a proclamation to be issued by himself, as President, when this joint resolution had been passed by Congress.

There can be no possible controversy among honest students of history on this point. That Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Stephens, "Let me write union at the top of this page and you may write below it whatever else you please," is referable to Mr. Stephens's statement made to many friends and attested by a number of reliable persons still living. But that he meditated the most liberal terms, including payment for the slaves, rests neither upon conjecture nor hearsay, but on tangible documentary support. It may be argued that he could not have secured the adoption of any such plan; but of his purpose, and its genuineness, there can be no question, and there ought to be no equivocation.

PAYMENT FOR THE SLAVES.

Indeed, payment for the slaves had been all along in his mind. He believed the North equally guilty with the South for the original existence of slavery. He clearly understood that the irrepressible conflict was a conflict of systems, not a merely sectional and partisan quarrel. He was a just man, abhorring proscription. He was a conscience Whig, who stood in awe of the constitution and his oath of office. He wanted to leave the South no right to claim that the North, finding slave labor unprofitable, had sold its negroes to the South and then turned about and by force of arms confiscated the property it had thus trafficked. He fully recognized slavery as property. The proclamation of emancipation was issued as a war measure. In his message to Congress of December, 1862, he proposed payment for the slaves, elaborating a scheme in detail and urging it with copious and cogent argument. "The people of the South," said he, addressing a war Congress in that moment in the throes of a bloody war with the South, "are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the North, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance."

The years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while and there shall be no man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle of systems and ideas. Its passions long ago vanished from manly bosoms. That has come to pass within a single generation in America, which in Europe required ages to accomplish. There is no disputing the verdict of events. Let us relate them truly and interpret them fairly. If we would have the North do justice to our heroes we must do justice to its heroes. I here render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's. As living men, standing erect in the presence of Heaven and the world, we have grown gray without being ashamed; and we need not fear that history will fail to vindicate our integrity. When those are gone that fought the battle, and posterity comes to strike the final balance sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the constitution left the relation of the States to the Federal Government and of the Federal Government to the States open to a double code, to be told how the mistaken notion of state sovereignty was requisite to the profitable cultivation and cotton raised a paramount interest in the Southern section of the Union, the Northern section, respondent of modern thought and the common humanity, there arose a great conflict against slavery. The conflict [illegible] gradually but surely sectionalizing [illegible] was as inevitable as it was irrepressible. It was fought out to a bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox. It found us a huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by a rope of sand. It made and it left us a nation. Esto perpetua!

Mr. Russell, in contrasting Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, said:

In brief, the contrast between Lincoln and Davis is that the one believed in the inalienable rights of man, the other in the inalienable rights of State. Both were sincere, both honest and both in large measure right. It was not Lincoln, it was not Davis—nay, it was not even the abolitionists of the North or the "fire eaters" of the South, who made the war inevitable.

It was the preservation of the confederation in 1787, through the evasions and compromises of the federal constitution and the Federal Constitutional Convention, that made the ultimate conflict of sections a hideous necessity, but a necessity of political assimilation and national growth.

We can see, if our brethren of the North cannot, that the conflict was indeed "irrepressible," and that it came into being at the birth of our nation, and was but the frightful afterbirth of events and causes that antedated the American Revolution. We fought to a finish the fight that our forefathers left for us to fight. They evaded it, because, for their common preservation, union was an immediate necessity. We could not avoid it, because for us continued union was impossible under a constitutional compromise that cheated both sides.

Jefferson Davis was as much a product of his environment as Abraham Lincoln, and he, as much as Lincoln, died a martyr to the principles in which he believed. Abraham Lincoln gave his life for the Union and the freedom of man. Jefferson Davis died politically, and his heart died then, when Grant refused the sword of Lee at Appomattox. Jefferson Davis lived to typify a "lost cause." Abraham Lincoln died amid the glories of a reunited people, universal freedom and a restored federal union, indissoluble except by revolution.

In telling of Jefferson Davis's part in the Mexican War the speaker said:

It was at Buena Vista. The tide of battle was setting against the Union arms. Regiment after regiment was broken up; in disorder, retreating. Demoralization was the order of the moment. Officer after officer had fallen. Dismay was spreading. Defeat was imminent. Bragg was battling bravely, but almost overwhelmed. The enemy were in possession of a commanding position, from which they were dealing death to our men. Jefferson Davis saw the situation. He realized that a crisis was at hand. There was no time to wait for orders. He saw that he must act. He called upon his men to follow him. They responded as one man. A handful of Indiana volunteers joined them. The united force rushed on, with Davis in the van. They charged the enemy in his position of command; they swept him backward by their impetuosity. Davis and his men gained the position. They held it. It proved the key to victory. But it had not been lightly won, nor was it to be kept except by a desperate struggle, and a piece of strategy, conceived by Davis upon the moment, bravely and brilliantly executed by his men, and now historic in the annals of war.

Lincoln in the South.

In the spring of 1865, during the armistice between Johnston and Sherman, I had gone from camp into Atlanta to learn the news. Senator Wigfall of Texas was in Atlanta, on his way, I think, to the Trans-Mississippi. I was in the rooms of the commandant of the post with some gentlemen, listening to the interesting conversation of Wigfall, when the news of the assassination of Lincoln was brought in. The words of Wigfall and the impression produced by the news upon those present — all Confederate soldiers — so impressed me that I wrote his expressions down in my note-book the same day. An impressive silence of some moments was broken by Wigfall: "Gentlemen, I am —— sorry for this. It is the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the South at this time. I knew Abe Lincoln, and, with all his faults, he had a kind heart; but as for Andy Johnson —" Here he assumed an expression of intense hate and brought his clenched fist with force upon the table — but what he added is too profane to print in these pages.

FRANKFORT, KY., 1886. *J. R. P.*

In this connection we quote from the article by the Ex-Confederate General Longstreet in THE CENTURY for July, 1885: "Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln."—EDITOR.

South's Reaction to Lincoln

VIEW OF LINCOLN CHANGED IN SOUTH

People Are Friendly to Those Who Celebrate Birthday of the President

Special to The New York Times.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Feb. 5—The legendary courtesy and graciousness of the South will be exemplified next week when the nation celebrates the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, Commander in Chief of the Union forces that defeated the Confederates in the War Between the States.

Despite the civil conflict that eighty-four years ago left the region devastated, the descendants of the Confederates bear Lincoln no ill-will today and even extend traditional hospitality to those in their midst who wish to pay tribute to the Great Emancipator.

A survey of Southern feeling about Lincoln clearly shows that the South has not cast him in the role of arch-enemy, but rather as a martyred President who would very likely have been an understanding friend of the South in the bitter reconstruction days if his life had been spared.

Probably no other militarily defeated people in history have been so hospitable to the memory of the man who led the forces against them in a life-and-death struggle. Although the South has not erected any monuments to Lincoln, neither has it sought to construct an edifice of enmity.

Next week Republican voters in the South will hold annual Lincoln Day dinners. The huge Negro population will extoll Lincoln's memory in schools, churches and public halls, and a "white supremacy" South will voice no objections.

From the Atlanta "Constitution."

LINCOLN IN THE SOUTH.

Editor "CONSTITUTION": Your generous and kindly words anent Abraham Lincoln will be generally approved by broad-minded Southern people. Some there may be who will resent the just praise you bestow, but these you will find belong either to that class of narrow minds who love to hate, or else were conspicuous by absence when fighters were in demand.

Much of misapprehension on the part of the South regarding the character and career of this great man has been removed by the facts of dispassionate history. Lincoln has been shown to be a genuinely great man, with a lofty soul and an honest heart. Gentle and tender as a woman, he had also the rugged virtues of a Roman tribune. No act of cruelty stains his fair fame. With opportunity to be a tyrant, he stood for liberty, and fought with the lance of a knight in a fair and open field.

It will serve no good purpose at this late date to indulge in passionate abuse. The prejudices of sectional strife must pass away as unworthy of enlightened men. England counts Cromwell as one of her heroes, and royalists and republicans alike pay tribute to the genius of the great Napoleon.

The eloquent Grady voiced the best sentiment of the South when he stood in America's metropolis, and in splendid eloquence exalted Abraham Lincoln to the highest place among American patriots and statesmen. His speech, with its matchless panegyric of Lincoln's worth and virtues, has passed into history and become a classic in the literature of this country.

Why should we of the South begrudge to him the meed of his fair fame? When Northern men can build a monument to Lee, and their orators praise his genius and character with unstinted eulogy, it is time for these bitter and narrow-minded partisans to be relegated to the rear. The brave and true recognize worth and sublimity of character everywhere, and are willing to crown the hero with his merited honors, even though his sword was drawn in the battle against them.

B. H. SASNETT.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *February* 13, 1896.

A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS GIVEN BY WATTERSON

In March Cosmopolitan Veteran Editor Discusses the Character of Lincoln and Presents Indisputable Proof of His Parents' Marriage—Extracts from Article Are Printed by The Journal Through the Courtesy of the "Cosmopolitan.

One of the greatest appreciations of the character of Abraham Lincoln that has ever been written is that appearing in the March issue of Cosmopolitan Magazine from the virile pen of Henry Watterson, of Kentucky—"Mars' Henry."

It is a powerfully presented and sincere expression by a hot-blooded, fire-eating old son of the south, of his estimate of the man whose memory the nation is honoring Friday. "When I speak of Abraham Lincoln," he prefaces, "I, as a southern man and a Confederate soldier, here render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's." With which solemn oath he builds around the name of Lincoln a wall of fact that has for its dome and pinnacle this one phrase, expressed but once:

"Abraham Lincoln became the incarnation of the brain and soul of the union."

From Southern Stndpoint

"I am writing from the southern standpoint," says Mr. Watterson in his first paragraph. "All of us must realize that the years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while and there will not be a man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle (the civil war.) Its passions long ago faded from manly bosoms." He predicts that the centenary of Lincoln's birth, which the article was written to anticipate, "will not be bounded" in its celebration "by sectional lines."

Mr. Watterson, as a young newspaper correspondent at Washington in the trying times just before the Lincoln administration, sketches briefly the few days immediately preceding the time when "blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people" by the firing of the signal gun of war at Sumter. He believes that Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were the only men in the union who thoroughly understood what was about to happen.

He says that long ago he saw the need for a complete and accurate biography of Lincoln, and set about preparing one in Switzerland, but circumstances interfered and the work has never been done. Nothing, for example, he says, has been more misrepresented and misconceived than Lincoln's pedigree and birth. He ascribes this tangle of horrible doubt to vivisecting conditions of the political campaigns that Lincoln went through, and to the very natural doubt that arose when Lincoln, born in Hardin county, Kentucky, could not find his parents' marriage record in that county. Lincoln himself died without knowing that his birth had been honorable, says Mr. Watterson. Certain ladies, one of them related distantly to the martyred president's family, have cleared away the clouds and have not only found the marriage record, but have traced Lincoln's ancestry back on both his father's and his mother's side to early English history. The parents of Lincoln, shows Mr. Watterson, were married in Washington county, Kentucky, by Rev. Jesse Head, whose original certificate is reproduced in facsimile with the article. And a guest at the "entertainment" of the wedding signed his affidavit, before his death some years ago, to recollections of the festivities and ceremony.

Even the epoch-making work of Nicolay and Hay was imperfect through lack of data discovered after it had gone to press. The "call" for a complete life seemed as urgent as it was apparent, and in 1896, believing that my exit from daily newspare work would be final, I went to Geneva in Switzerland, where my children were at school, to obtain leisure and repose for the composition of such a volume or volumes Subsequent events quite diverted me from my purpose, but I penetrated the subject at that time far enough to be struck by the mass of inconsistencies staring me in the face, and the need for a connected story separating the tangled web of fact and falsehood and partly at least removing the incongruities of prejudice and partyism.

Nothing, for example, has been more misrepresented and misconceived than Lincoln's pedigree and birth. Some confusion was originally made by his own mistake touching the marriage of his father and mother, which had not been celebrated in Hardin county but in Washington county, Kentucky, the absence of any marriage papers in the courthouse at Elizabethtown, the county-seat of Hardin county, leading to the notion that there had never been any marriage at all.

It is easy to conceive how such a discrepancy might occasion any amount and all sorts of campaign lying, these distorted accounts winning popular belief among the ignorant and inflamed. Lincoln himself died without knowing that he was born not only in honest wedlock, but of an ancestry upon both sides of which he had no reason to be ashamed.

The name of Lincoln came from excellent sources, and was borne by good people. The Lincolns were among those who overcrowded Norwich jail in England because "they would not accept the ritual prepared for them by the bishop;" who pelted the tax collector with stones, and finally, in order to "rid themselves of an odious government," bravely sailed out of Yarmouth harbor in 1636, crossed the ocean, and founded the colony of Hingham, in Massachusetts. Descendants of these landowners, wheelwrights, and ironmongers migrated southward into New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and at last into Kentucky. The Abraham Lincoln who was fifth in descent from Samuel Lincoln, of Hingham, and who had become owner of considerable tracts of land in Kentucky, fell by the bullet of a lurking Indian in the sight of his three boys, Mordecai, Joseph, and Thomas, the latter a six-year-old lad who was saved by the timely crack of the rifle in the hands of his elder brother, to become the father of the future president.

Thomas Lincoln was not the irresponsible ne'er-do-well that most of the biographers of Lincoln have represented him. Nor was the Hanks family so obscure as used to be thought.

For a long time a cloud hung over the name of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Persistent investigation has, however, brought about a vindication in every way complete. We owe this largely to the researches of three women, Mrs. Hobart Vawter, Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, and Miss Ida M. Tarbell. Mrs. Vawter's grandmother was Sarah Mitchell, of Kentucky, a second that he approached emancipation not only with anxious deliberation, but with many misgivings. He issued his final proclamation as a military necessity, and even then, so fair was his nature, he was meditating some kind of restitution.

Thus it came about that he was the one man in public life who could have taken the helm of affairs in 1861 handicapped by none of the resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. While Seward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and, like a philosopher and a statesman, his mind was irradiated and sweetened by the sense of humor. Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions inevitable to the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive word escaped his lips or fell from his pen, while there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some southern man or woman and danger.

Under date of February 2, 1848, from the hall of the house of representatives at Washington, when he was serving as a member of congress, he wrote this short note to Herndon, his law partner at Springfield:

"Dear William: I take up my pen to tel you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man with a voice like Logan's (that was Stephen T., not John. A.) has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered dry eyes (he was then not quite thirty-seven years of age) are full of tears yet."

Thereafter he had a great opinion of Alexander H. Stephens and a high regard for him.

After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate commissioners, Vice President Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, Lincoln took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said, "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

In the preceding conversation he had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based the suggestion upon a plan he already had in hand to appropriate four hundred million dollars for that purpose.

Many foolish and overzealous persons put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement when it was first made by me many years ago. It admits of no possible denial. Mr. Lincoln took with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still exist in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two houses of congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself when the joint resolution had been enacted. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy. "In that case, Stephens," said Lincoln sadly, "I am guiltless of every drop of blood that may be shed from this onward." Thus in point of fact the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted his two documents to the members of the cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they could not agree with him. He

Ancestry of Lincoln's Mother

Mr. Watterson shows that the ancestry of Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, has been traced back to two brothers named Hanks who received the commoners' rights in Malmsbury for services rendered in defeating the Danes. Nancy herself was a babe when her parents moved to Kentucky from the valley of Virginia, where she had been born, and she was but a mere child still when her father died, several years later, to be soon followed by her mother, and Nancy, an orphan, went to live with and be raised by her father's sister. It was there that Thomas Lincoln met her, wooed her.

Three children were born—Sarah, the great Abraham, and Thomas. The last named died in Kentucky and was buried there. Abraham remembered his mother taking him and his sister by the hand and leading them over the hills to the grave of her youngest born, to bid it farewell forever. Then the family moved to Indiana. The mother died of the dread milk sickness, a few years later, and Thomas, the father, himself felled the trees and sawed the boards for her coffin.

"Pitiable story," says Mr. Watterson. "One can scarce read it with a dry eye, but it lifts the veil forever from that cruel mystery which so long clouded the memory of Nancy Hanks. I here dwell upon it and give the details because it ought to be known to every American who would have the truth of history fulfilled."

Mr. Watterson takes up the thread of his story at Washington, when as a young correspondent he heard the inaugural address of Lincoln. Through the courtesy of the Cosmopolitan Magazine The Journal reprints the following extracts from Mr. Watterson's article:

Lincoln's self-possession was perfect. Dignity itself could not have been more unexcited. His voice was a little high pitched but resonant, quite reaching the outer fringes of the vast crowd in front; his expression was serious to the point of gravity, not a scintillation of humor.

It is only true to say that he delivered that inaugural address as though he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. To me it meant war.

During the next three months I saw and heard Mr. Lincoln often in public, and on several occasions was thrown with him in private companies. He looked the picture of health. Serenity, however, not levity, was the prevailing mood with him.

He had carefully measured the forces of combat, and made up his mind both as to his duty and the situation.

On either side it was a play for time and advantage. The signal-gun was at length fired by the south in Charleston harbor.

Promptly upon the attack upon Sumter came the call for troops from the white house. Extremism was destined to have its way. At last it had won.

Blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lincoln was but fifty-two years of age. His theoretical knowledge of national affairs had been limited to a single term in congress. His nomination and election to the presidency were regarded as accidental; he as an untutored, a very homely and awkward, child of fortune, Seward and Chase, Fessenden and Trumbull, Simon Cameron and Zachariah Chandler were, each in his way, the accepted authorities of the hour. There was not a member of his cabinet who did not consider himself a bigger man than his master. Even so keen an observer as Seward wholly missed the dominating features of the chief he had reluctantly come to serve until he got his answer in that queer letter of the 1st of April, 1861, which, as by a flash of lightning, revealed the truth and brought him to his intellectual knees, never to rise again.

cousin to Nancy Hanks. She it was who discovered the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln and the marriage record of Jesse Head, the Methodist minister who officiated at the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the 12th of June, 1806. Mrs. Hitchcock took upon herself the task of tracing the genealogy of the Hanks family, thus throwing a flood of light upon the maternal ancestry of Abraham Lincoln, and consequently upon the foundations of his character and genius.

Joseph Hanks crossed the mountains with his family of eight children, horses, herds of cattle, and household goods. He had bought one hundred and fifty acres of land near Elizabethtown, Kentucky. The youngest of the eight children was little Nancy, who was five years of age when they left the Valley of Virginia. After four years of home-making in the wilderness, Joseph came to his death. His will, dated January 9, 1793, probated May 14, 1793, has been discovered, and a facsimile appears in Mrs. Hitchcock's book. This documents settles once and forever the legitimacy of the parentage of Nancy Hanks.

The war of sections confirmed the Federal union as a nation and it brought the American people to the fruition of their manhood. Before that war we were a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand. Abraham Lincoln became the incarnation of the brain and soul of the union. "My paramount object," said he, "is to save the union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it, and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

Though he came to awaken the wildest passions of the time, the negro was but an incident—never a principal—to the final death-grapple between the north and the south.

I knew Judge Douglas well; I admired, respected, loved him. No party interest has been identified with his memory. But when the truth of history is written, it will be told that, no less than Webster and Clay, he, too, was a patriotic man, who loved his country and tried to save the Union.

As I have said, Abraham Lincoln was an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong free-soil opinions, never an extremist or an abolitionist.

Hating slavery, he recognized its legal existence and its rights under the compact of the organic law. He wanted gradually to extinguish it, not to despoil those who held it as a property interest. He was so faithful to these principles

said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you."

Tragedy herself hung over the humble pallet—for cradle he had none—on which the baby Lincoln lay, nestled with him in his mother's arms, followed him to the little grave in the wildwood, and attended him to the fall of the curtain in the brilliantly lighted theatre at the national capital. "Now he is with the ages," said Stanton in the gray dawn of the winter day as the stertorous breathing ceased and the great heart was stilled forever. His life had been an epic in homespun, his death, like that of Caesar, beggars the arts and resources of Melpomene of the mimic scene.

Had Lincoln lived? In that event it is quite certain that there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the bloody cue of his taking off to mount the steeds and spur the flanks of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the southern states—to use his familiar phraseology—"should come back home and behave themselves."

His idea of paying the south for the slaves did not by any means originate with the proposal he was prepared to make at Fortress Monroe. It had been all along in his mind. He believed the north equally guilty with the south for the existence of slavery. He wanted to leave the south no right to claim that the north, finding slave labor unremunerative, had sold its negroes to the south, and then turned about and by force of arms confiscated what it had unloaded at a profit. He recognized slavery as property. In his message to congress of December, 1862, he proposed payment for the slaves, elaborating a scheme in detail and urging it with copious and cogent argument. "The people of the south," said he, addressing a war congress at that moment in the throes of bloody strife with the south, "are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the north, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the south has been more responsible than the north for its continuance."

This is the language not only of justice, but of far-reaching statesmanship.

Toward the preparation of an address upon Abraham Lincoln, desired in 1895 by the Lincoln Union of Chicago, though I thought I understood his life and character very well, it seemed prudent to gather whatever I might of a biographic description. There could not have been fewer than half a thousand volumes and pamphlets. These were replete with contradictions and discrepancies.

THE MAGIC LINCOLN

Editor, Lexington Herald:

It was with great interest that I read your Lincoln birthday editorial of February 12. However, the Magic Lincoln to whom the Republicans pray is not a shade. He is a myth, created for certain and definite purposes. The idea back of the creation seems to be that if just one Republican ring-leader could be held up as perfectly spotless, that the rank and file of voters, who do not have time to investigate the other leaders personally, will assume that all other Republican ring-leaders partake of the same spotless nature. This mythical Lincoln, so to speak, has been adopted as the label by Republican ring-leaders so that further investigation of themselves by guileless voters is unnecessary.

It is quite possible, as the famous Myth said, "to fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time." The question is now on, as you have suggested in your able editorial of February 12, "Will it be possible to fool any of the people all of the time?" It should be of great concern to the Republican politicians to know how Mr. Lincoln answered this question. Mr. Lincoln himself said that it is not possible to fool all of the people all of the time. Mr. Lincoln was a very clever man. Nobody who has read the Gettysburg address can doubt this.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lincoln was not the dainty creature whom the keeper of the tomb would have us conclude. As to Lincoln's having 300 pictures taken of himself, we do not for a moment believe it. Nevertheless, some lawyers will doubtless arise and tell you just where each one of these pictures was taken, how much each cost, how many copies were ordered of each at the time of the sitting, who the various photographers were, where they were born, and furthermore, that he has in his own possession their affidavits concerning the actuality of the appearance of the subject of the picture, etc., etc., until we all go to sleep. We will all admit in advance that Mr. Lincoln was no fop. One, who knew him well, bore witness to the fact that he seldom used a handkerchief.

However, these purely personal matters are only of great and overwhelming importance to the Republican ring-leaders who want to keep their label (their model, perfect label) free from the slightest blemish of any kind or description. Nevertheless, the truth about Lincoln will remain the truth, regardless of what lawyers have to say. It is not the business of lawyers to tell all they know. So, it is hardly desirable to go to a lawyer to find out the truth about any of his clients.

There is a real issue in the truth being told about Lincoln. The truth is a matter of importance for future generations in all time to come. The great necessity for telling the truth about Lincoln comes from the desirability of preventing war as a means of settling disputes or legal questions. The truth about Lincoln is a matter of supreme interest to humanity. There is no malice in posterity seeking to discover why Lincoln did not prevent the Civil War. War is a barbarous method of settling a matter of constitutional law. It takes two to make a fight. The evidence shows that Lincoln did his full share in making the fight, though he was not one of the fighters, during the American Civil War.

Mr. Lincoln, the full evidence shows, had either to call a national constitutional convention, or to make out that the "right of secession" was not a long disputed question of constitutional law. The right of a state to secede was not definitely settled in the Constitution of the United States. The right of secession was a long disputed question of constitutional law. The great final tribunal for settling that question and any other disputed constitutional question is a national constitution convention, such as that of 1787, which drew up the Constitution. Such is the practice when government is based on consent and not on force.

What would have happened, had Lincoln chosen to call a national constitutional convention instead of calling for 75,000 troops to put down an insurrection? The majority of the southern people were as strongly unionist as Mr. Lincoln said he was. The only difference between them was that they believed in a union based on consent and Lincoln believed in one based on force. He did not say that he believed this, but he acted it. What one does is of more importance, as he pointed out in the Gettysburg address, than what one says.

Of course, the chances were that if he called a national constitutional convention, the Republican party, as an organization, would have been short lived and the ring-leaders, in order to keep in office, would have had to have done all of their work over again. But, had there been a constitutional convention, there would have been no Civil War, the Union would have been saved, as well as the lives of many boys in blue and the lives of many boys in gray; the slaves could have been bought and paid for over and over again with the money which has been spent on war and pensions; and the heritage of bad feeling which follows a war need never have had any existence at all. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest of these, 'It might have been.'"

In any event, the certified Republican label" which magically ennobles all of the Republican ring-leaders alike will forever be a matter of scientific interest.

SARAH WISDOM CRAIG.

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